

NAZIS AND JAPS, YOU RATS! BEWARE! THE HANGMAN IS EVERYWHERE!

The HANGMAN

NO. 3

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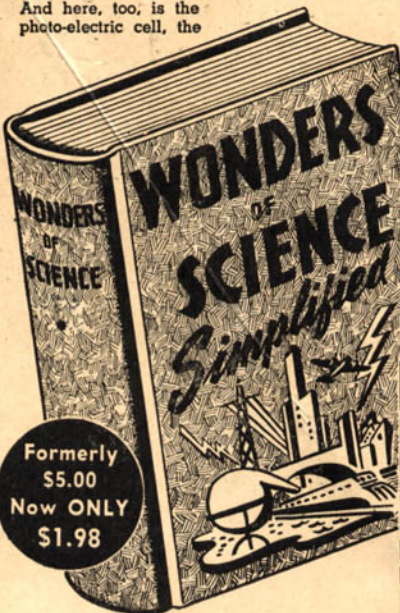
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HANGMAN

SPECIAL CASE
NO. 7

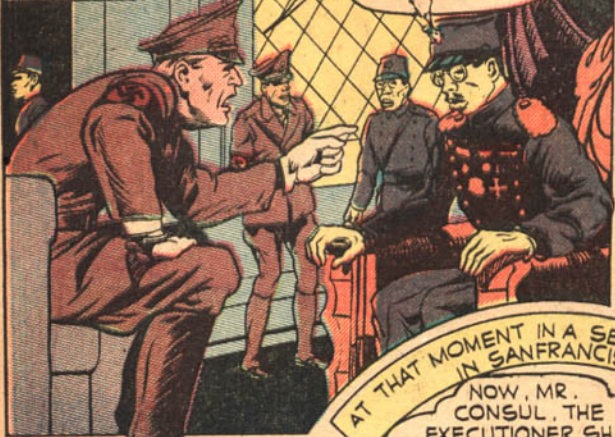
OUT OF THE DARK AND FETID
BOWELS OF HADES COMES A
YELLOW MONSTER TO WIELD
HIS BLOOD-SOAKED AXE
AGAINST THE INNOCENT ----
THE EXECUTIONER!
START READING AND YOU'LL BE
PITCHED HEADLONG INTO THE MOST
HAIR-RAISING, BLOOD CURDLING
ADVENTURE OF THIS WAR -- AS
THE HANGMAN COMES TO GRIPS
WITH THAT ARCH-DEVIL OF THE AXIS,
THE EXECUTIONER!



AT A SECRET AXIS MEETING,
GOERING EXCITEDLY
ADDRESSES
HIROHITO...

AT LEAST VE ARE
HOLDING DER RUSSIANS
ON ALL FRONTS. VOT ARE
YOU DOING?

WE'RE WAITING! WE KNOW THE
CHINESE AND AMERICANS ARE PLANNING
AN OFFENSIVE ACTION -AND OUR BEST
MAN IS FINDING OUT WHAT IT IS!



I HOPE HE
HAS BETTER
LUCK THAN OUR
CAPT. SWASTIKA!

AT THAT MOMENT IN A SECRET
HIDEOUT
IN SANFRANCISCO...

NOW, MR.
CONSUL, THE
EXECUTIONER SHALL
SHOW YOU HOW HE DEALS
WITH OBSTINATE PEOPLE!

HE WILL BE
SUCCESSFUL! HE IS
THE EXECUTIONER!



DO YOU WANT A
TASTE OF MY AXE, TOO?
OR WILL YOU TELL
ME WHEN THE
CHINESE GENERAL,
CHANG, IS TO ARRIVE?

NO - NO,
EXECUTIONER!
DON'T HURT ME!
I'LL TALK! TONIGHT
AT TEN HIS
BOAT ARRIVES!





GOOD! NOW, FETCH ME MY AXE, SOME-ONE!

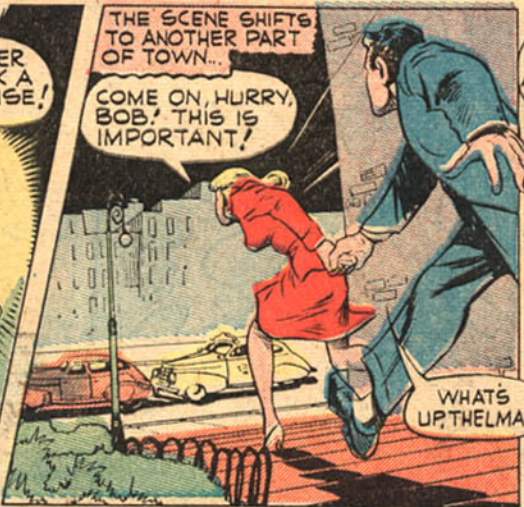
GET AWAY FROM ME! YOU PROMISED NOT TO HURT ME!

THIS WON'T HURT YOU AT ALL!



HA-HA-HA-HA

I NEVER BREAK A PROMISE!

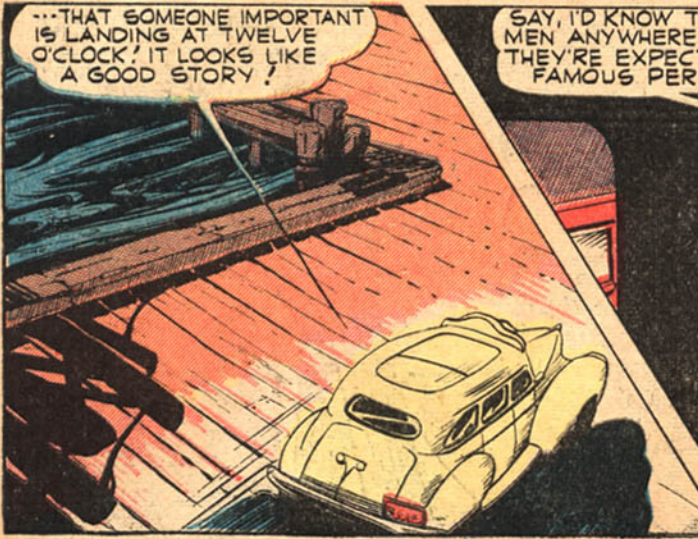


THE SCENE SHIFTS TO ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

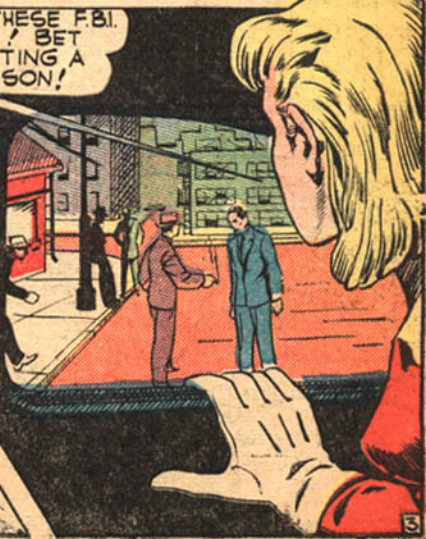
COME ON, HURRY, BOB! THIS IS IMPORTANT!

MY PAPER JUST GOT AN INSIDE TIP...

WHAT'S UP, THELMA?



...THAT SOMEONE IMPORTANT IS LANDING AT TWELVE O'CLOCK! IT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD STORY!



SAY, I'D KNOW THESE F.B.I. MEN ANYWHERE! BET THEY'RE EXPECTING A FAMOUS PERSON!

AS TWO F.B.I. MEN WHISPER HURRIEDLY...



HOPE WE DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE, MIKE!

BOB AND THELMA WAIT ANXIOUSLY...



HERE COMES THE BOAT!

OKAY TO LOWER THE GANGPLANK?



SURE, BUB, LET 'ER GO!

BUT SUDDENLY THE CRANE OPERATOR IS STRUCK DOWN FROM BEHIND...

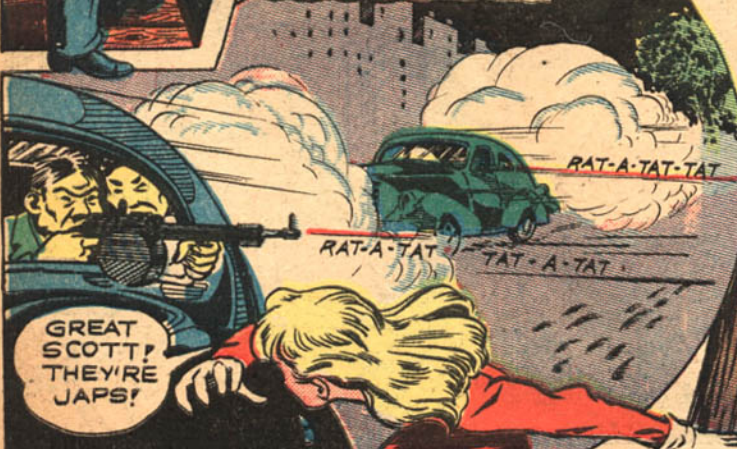


CRACK

AND AS AN UNKNOWN HAND TAKES OVER THE GANGPLANK CONTROLS... A CAR ON THE DOCK BELOW ROLLS TOWARD THE BOAT! THEN...



...MACHINE GUNS SNARL OUT THEIR MESSAGE OF DEATH ON THE DOCKS!



RAT-A-TAT-TAT
RAT-A-TAT TAT-A-TAT

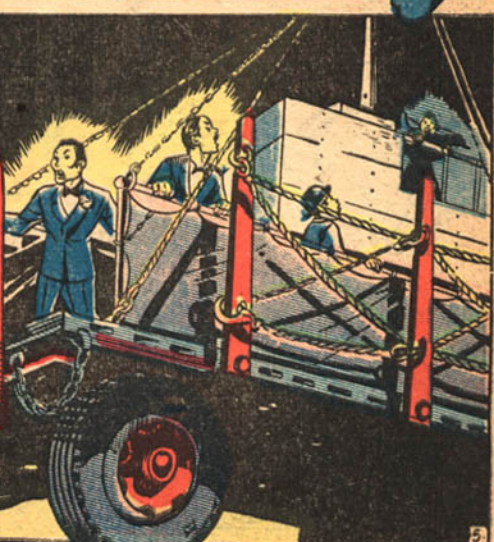
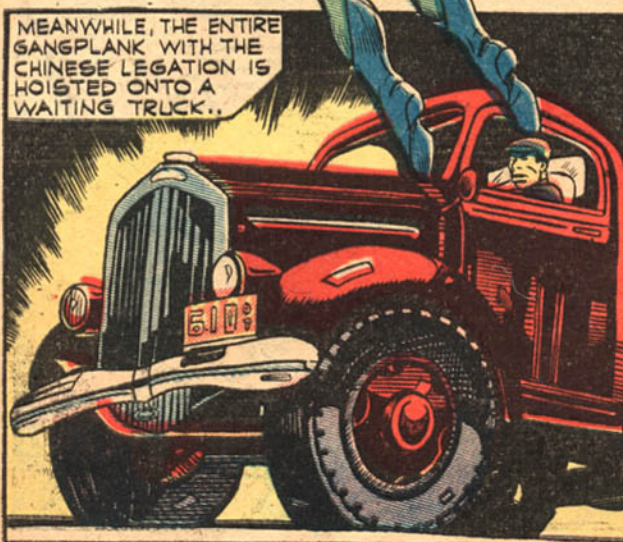
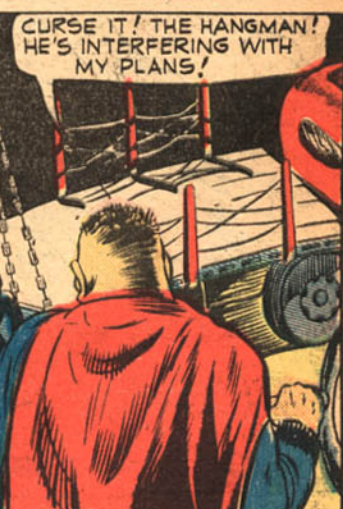
GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE JAPS!

THE F.B.I. SWING INTO ACTION!

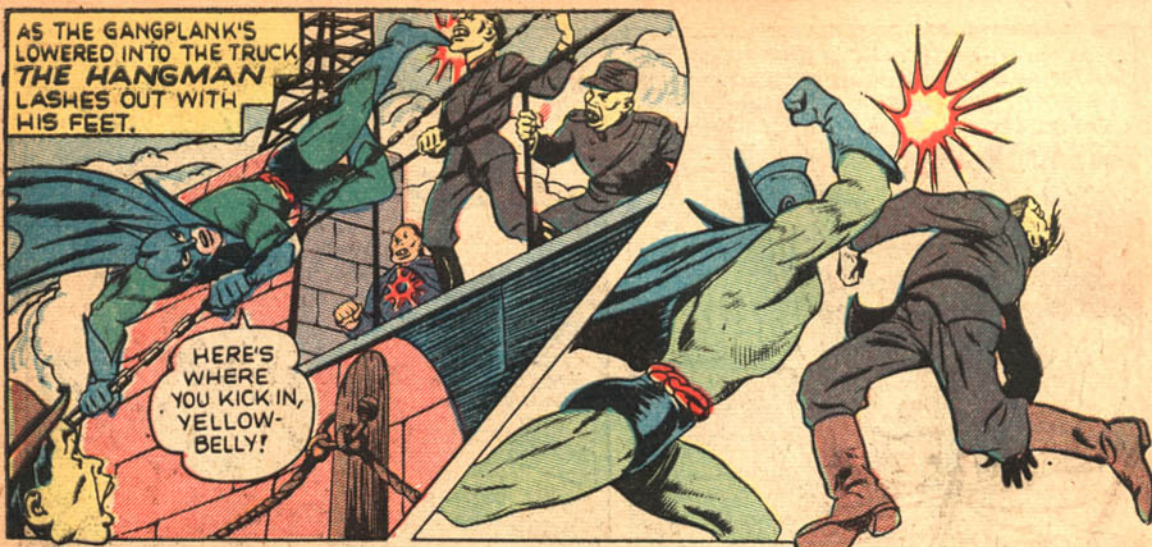


START SOMETHING, WILL THEY?

BANG BANG
BANG



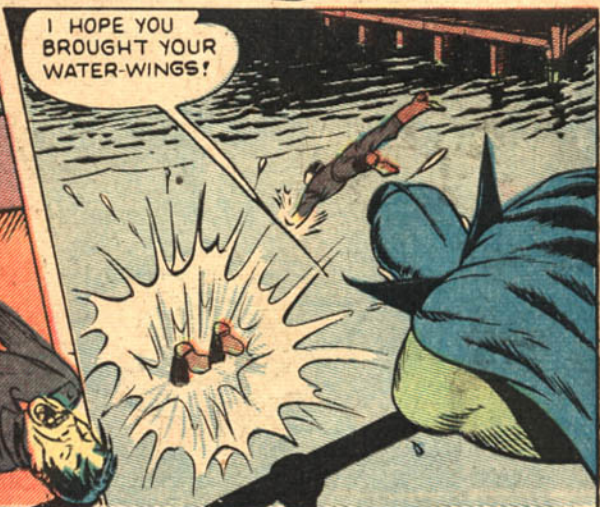
AS THE GANGPLANK'S LOWERED INTO THE TRUCK THE HANGMAN LASHES OUT WITH HIS FEET.



HERE'S WHERE YOU KICK IN, YELLOW-BELLY!



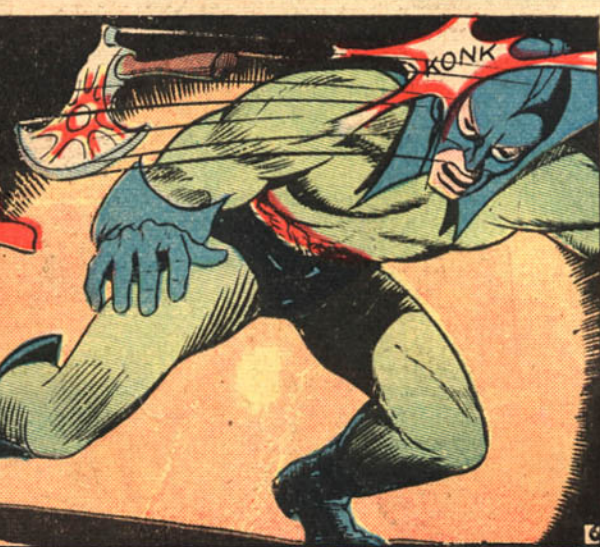
SORRY YOU DON'T WANT TO STICK AROUND, CHUMS...



I HOPE YOU BROUGHT YOUR WATER-WINGS!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR INTERFERENCE, HANGMAN!



KONK

LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF THE HANGMAN FOR DEAD, THE EXECUTIONER LEAPS INTO THE TRUCK.

START THE MOTOR.

WE HAVEN'T HAD THE PLEASURE OF AN INTRODUCTION, GENTLEMEN! YOU'LL GET TO KNOW ME - THE EXECUTIONER, SOON ENOUGH!

HE HEH-HEH?

AT THAT MOMENT...

THERE GOES THE CHINESE LEGATION! KIDNAPPED!!

FOLLOW THAT TRUCK! AND STEP ON IT!

SURE THING, BABE!

AS THE TAXI VEERS AROUND CORNERS, HOT IN PURSUIT OF THE TRUCK

LOOK, WE'RE BEING CHASED!

WITH UNERRING AIM, THE EXECUTIONER LET'S FLY AN AXE...

GREAT HEAVENS! THEY'VE GOT OUR TIRE!!

NOT FOR LONG, I DON'T THINK!

BANG

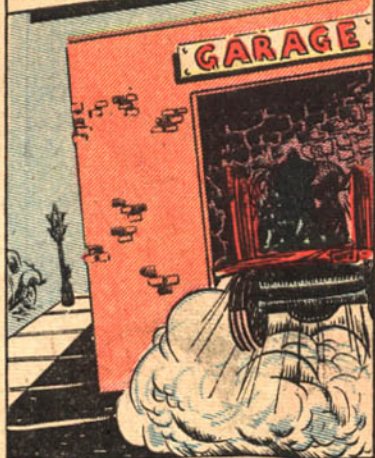
ONE OF THE JAP BULLETS FINDS ITS MARK IN THE CAB-DRIVER'S HEART.



HE LOSES CONTROL OF THE CAR, AND...



WHILE THE EXECUTIONER'S TRUCK MAKES FOR A NEARBY GARAGE.



OOH! OH! I SEEM TO BE ALIVE WITH NO BONES BROKEN...!



THE POLICE RUSH UP!

BUT HE ISN'T! THEY GOT THE DRIVER, THE RATS!



WE WERE FOLLOWING A TRUCK WHICH WAS USED TO KIDNAP THE CHINESE GENERAL, CHANG ..THEY WENT INTO THAT GARAGE, I SAW THEM!



THEY CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME THAT EASY!

LET'S ASK THAT WATCHMAN. HE MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING!

WHO, ME? I AIN'T SEEN NO TRUCK! HONEST! I BEEN SITTIN' HERE, BUT I THINK I SAW A TRUCK GOING DOWN DAT STREET, THOUGH!



ARE YOU SURE? I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW THE TRUCK GO IN HERE!

GO TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF, LADY. YOU CAN SEARCH IF YOU WANNA!



NAVV, HE'S RIGHT. NUTHIN' HERE!

LET'S BEAT IT! THE DAME'S SCREWY!



SORRY, MA'AM, YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

I AM NOT MISTAKEN! I'LL GET THE HANGMAN TO HELP ME SOLVE THIS THING!



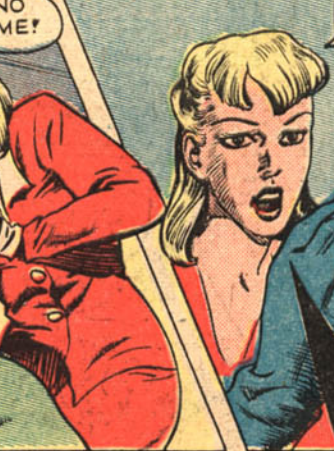
THELMA, HURRYING BACK TO THE DOCK FOR THE HANGMAN, FINDS HIM STILL UNCONSCIOUS...

HERE, DRINK THIS, AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN NO TIME!



AND THEN THELMA RELATES HER STORY...

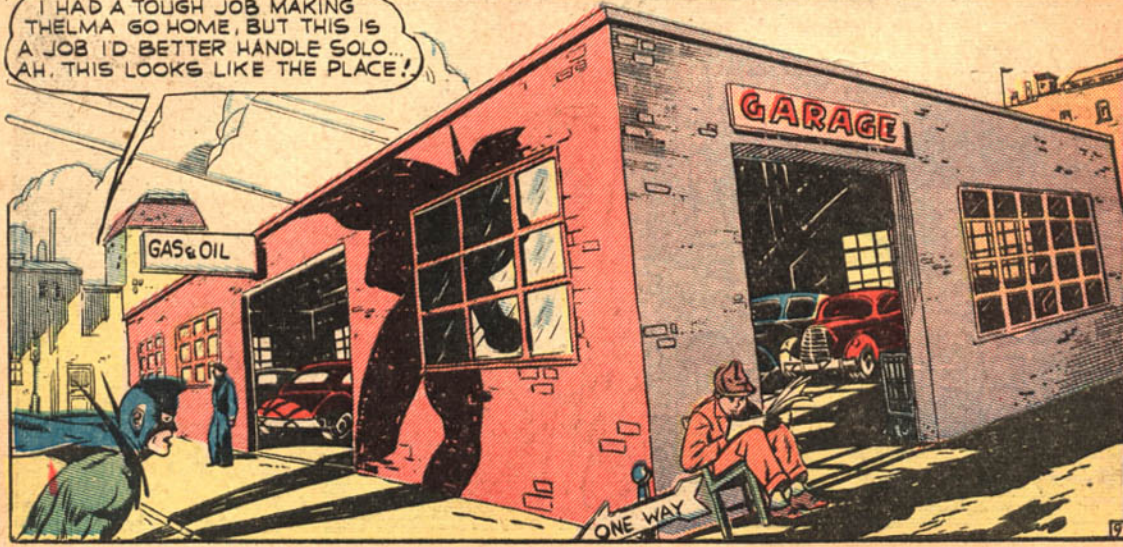
...AND THE WATCHMAN SWORE HE NEVER SAW A TRUCK GO IN!

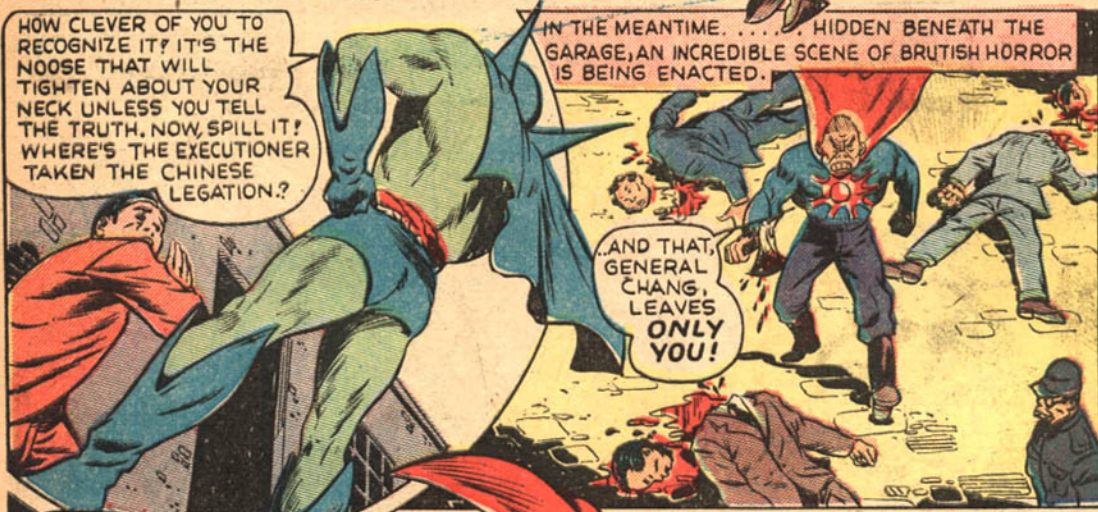
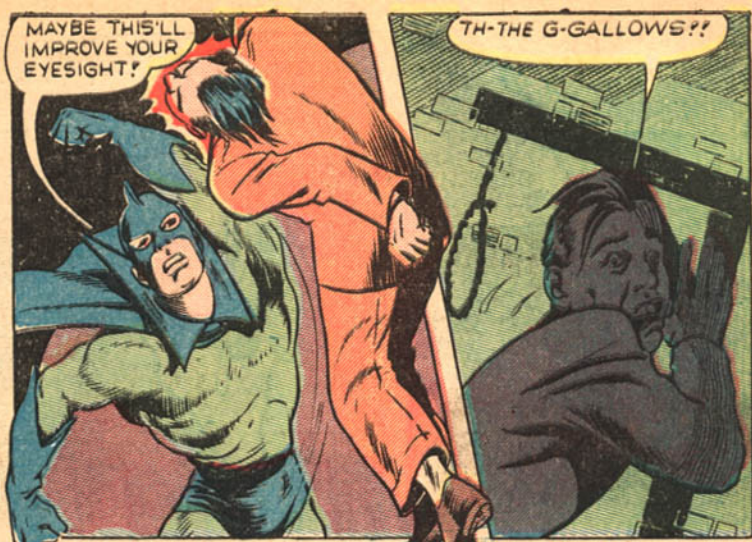


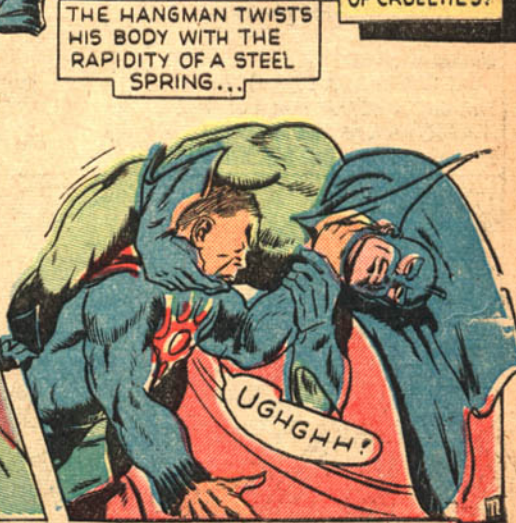
HE DID, EH? WE'LL SEE IF MR. WATCHMAN WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!



I HAD A TOUGH JOB MAKING THELMA GO HOME, BUT THIS IS A JOB I'D BETTER HANDLE SOLO... AH, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE!







...UNTIL HE HAS PULLED THE EXECUTIONER OFF BALANCE!



HMM.. THINGS SEEM TO BE COMING MY WAY NOW!

A TERRIFIC WALLOP SENDS THE JAPANESE MONSTER FLYING...



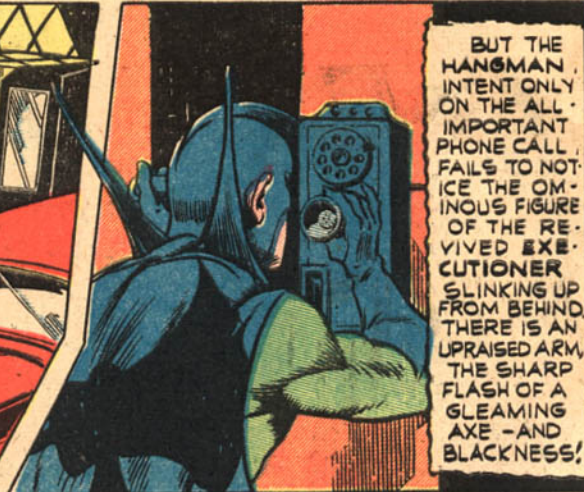
AND THE HANGMAN QUICKLY GOES TO THE DYING GENERAL'S SIDE!



T-TOO LATE TO S-SAVE ME NOW! LISTEN! T-TELL.. WAR.. DEPARTMENT.. WASHINGTON.. CHINESE GOVERNMENT.. APPROVE PLAN..OF ATTACK... UHH..

CAESARS GHOST! SO! THAT'S IT!

WHEW! I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL TO MAKE PRONTO!



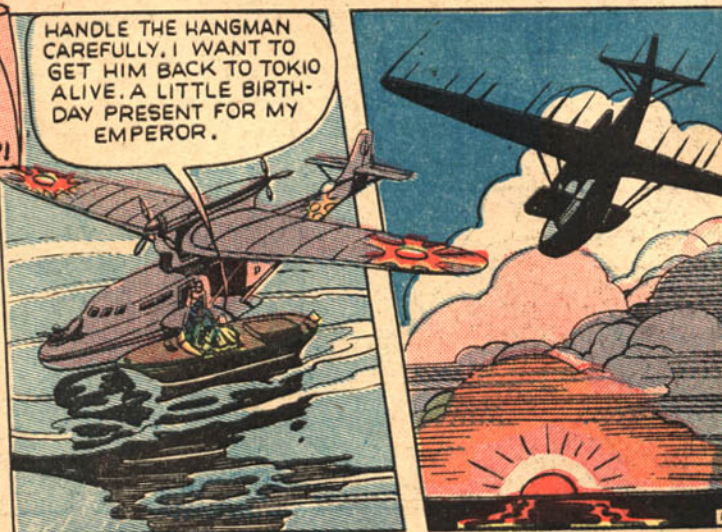
BUT THE HANGMAN INTENT ONLY ON THE ALL-IMPORTANT PHONE CALL, FAILS TO NOTICE THE OMINOUS FIGURE OF THE REVIVED EXECUTIONER SLINKING UP FROM BEHIND. THERE IS AN UPRaised ARM, THE SHARP FLASH OF A GLEAMING AXE -AND BLACKNESS!

A FEW HOURS LATER, ANYONE WATCHING THE COASTAL WATERS WOULD HAVE SEEN A SMALL MOTOR-BOAT CARRYING A STRANGE BURDEN! THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF THE HANGMAN PROPPED UP BESIDE THE LEERING EXECUTIONER!

HANDLE THE HANGMAN CAREFULLY, I WANT TO GET HIM BACK TO TOKIO ALIVE. A LITTLE BIRTH-DAY PRESENT FOR MY EMPEROR.



GOOD! THERE IS THE PLANE!



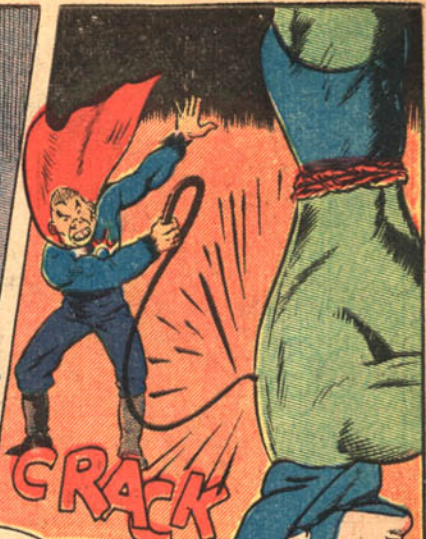
THIRTEEN HOURS LATER ..IN THE PALACE OF THE RISING SUN.



HA HA HA HA!

HOHO HO!

HANGING THE HANGMAN? FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN!



CRACK



HANGMAN, CURSE YOUR OBSTINATE BONES WE'RE ONLY JUST BEGINNING WITH YOU!



... SO YOU'D BETTER TALK! WHAT ARE THE SECRET CHINESE PLANS?

ENOUGH OF THIS TOMFOOLERY! I'LL SHARPEN MY AXE UPON YOUR NECK, NOW!



SUDDENLY FROM OVERHEAD SOUNDS THE DRONE OF AIRPLANES!

ZRRRRRRRR

HEAVENLY FATHER! BOMBERS!



ALL RIGHT.. I'LL TELL YOU THE SECRET NOW!

TOKYO IS GOING TO BE BOMBED!





WITH PILE-DRIVER PUNCHES, THE HANGMAN WADES INTO THE TREACHEROUS JAPS.



THE EXECUTIONER IS ESCAPING!

BUT HE DOESN'T... THE BOMBED TEMPLE WALLS CRUMBLE ABOUT THE EXECUTIONER'S HEAD.

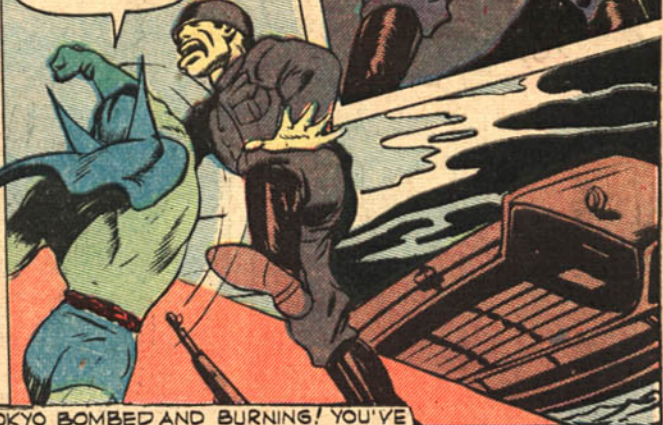


AAEEE! I'M TRAPPED!

THE HANGMAN RACES ALONG THE WATER-FRONT AS TOKYO ROCKS UNDER ALLIED BOMBS.



I NEED YOUR BOAT, NIPPIE! HOW ABOUT TRADING THIS FOR IT?



TOKYO BOMBED AND BURNING! YOU'VE MET YOUR HANGMAN, NIP-NIP... THE FIGHTING AMERICANS. YOU WANTED TO PUT CIVILIZATION IN CHAINS. BUT YOU'VE SUCCEEDED ONLY IN SLIPPING A NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK!

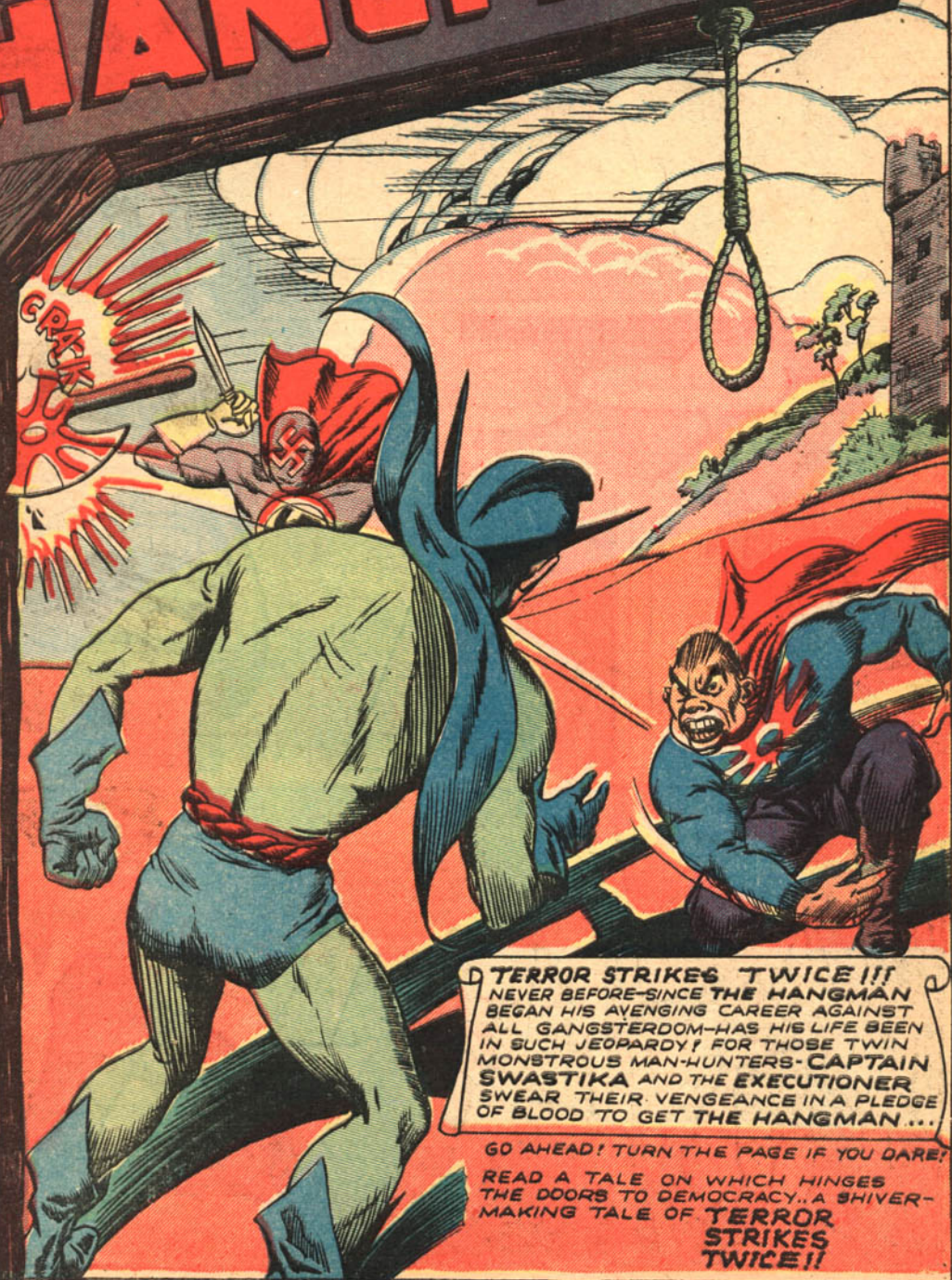
HOPE THIS JAP JALLOPY HAS ENOUGH GAS... CHINA, HERE I COME!



WARNING! BE CAREFUL, HANGMAN! YOUR FOOTSTEPS ARE FOLLOWED! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF THE EXECUTIONER!!!

The

HANGMAN



TERROR STRIKES TWICE!!!
NEVER BEFORE—SINCE THE HANGMAN
BEGAN HIS AVENGING CAREER AGAINST
ALL GANGSTERDOM—HAS HIS LIFE BEEN
IN SUCH JEOPARDY! FOR THOSE TWIN
MONSTROUS MAN-HUNTERS—CAPTAIN
SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER
SWEAR THEIR VENGEANCE IN A PLEDGE
OF BLOOD TO GET THE HANGMAN....

GO AHEAD! TURN THE PAGE IF YOU DARE!

READ A TALE ON WHICH HINGES
THE DOORS TO DEMOCRACY...A SHIVER-
MAKING TALE OF **TERROR**
STRIKES
TWICE!!

AS A YELLOW MOON EERILY LIGHTS THE SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS, A FIRM TREAD UPON THE GANGPLANK HERALDS THE RETURN FROM JAPAN OF THE HANGMAN!

GOOD TO BE BACK ON U.S. SOIL AGAIN!

BUT AS HIS SWINGING GAIT CARRIES HIM HOMEWARD.. AN OMINOUS SHADOW CREEPS ALONG BEHIND HIM!

A COLD SHOWER AND I'LL FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!

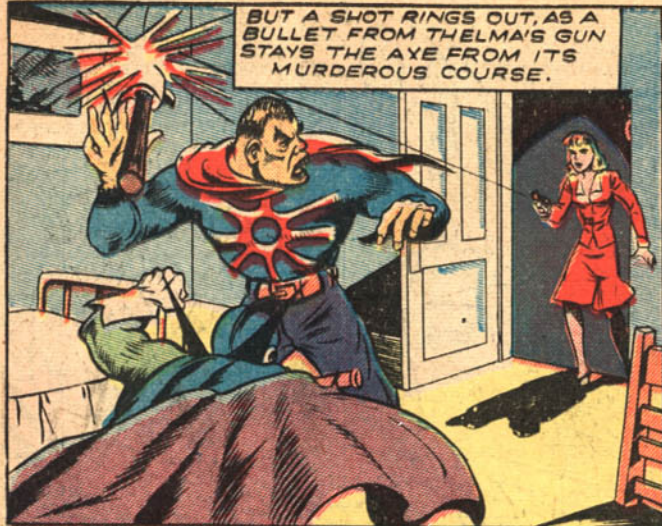
SUDDENLY, THE HANGMAN WHEELS ABOUT.

YOU? EXECUTIONER!

I HAVE RETURNED, HANGMAN..

.. FOR PERSONAL VENGEANCE! YOU DISGRACED ME IN THE EYES OF MY EMPEROR AND YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR AUDACITY!

THIS STROKE WILL PUT AN END TO THIS IRRITATING SCUM!

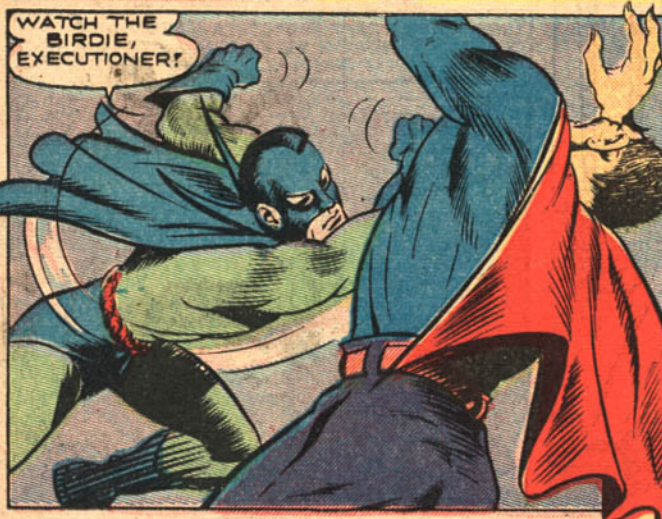


BUT A SHOT RINGS OUT, AS A BULLET FROM THELMA'S GUN STAYS THE AXE FROM ITS MURDEROUS COURSE.



LIKE AN ENRAGED BEAST, THE EXECUTIONER TURNS AND LUNGES FOR THELMA... BUT THE HANGMAN DISENTANGLES HIMSELF AND...

WELL, THAT WAS SHORT AND FAST, HANGMAN!



WATCH THE BIRDIE, EXECUTIONER!



THANKS TO YOU, THELMA! I'LL RING HEADQUARTERS TO HAVE THEM CART THIS MESS AWAY!



HELLO, CHIEF... I'VE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU! THE EXECUTIONER DROPPED IN HERE FOR A VISIT! HE'S RESTING NOW! COME AND GET HIM!



THE EXECUTIONER IS ARRESTED AND TAKEN TO A CELL WHERE HE MEETS...

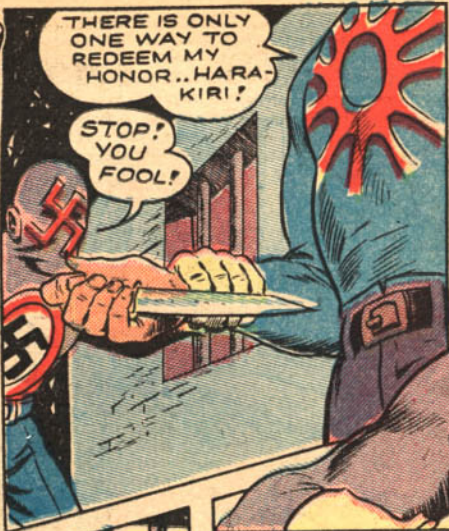


..CAPTAIN SWASTIKA THE EXECUTIONER, I BELIEVE!

**THE EXECUTIONER
RIPS A CONCEALED KNIFE
FROM UNDER
HIS BELT.**



I'VE LOST
FACE IN THE
EYES OF MY
HEAVENLY
EMPEROR!



THERE IS ONLY
ONE WAY TO
REDEEM MY
HONOR..HARA-
KIRI!

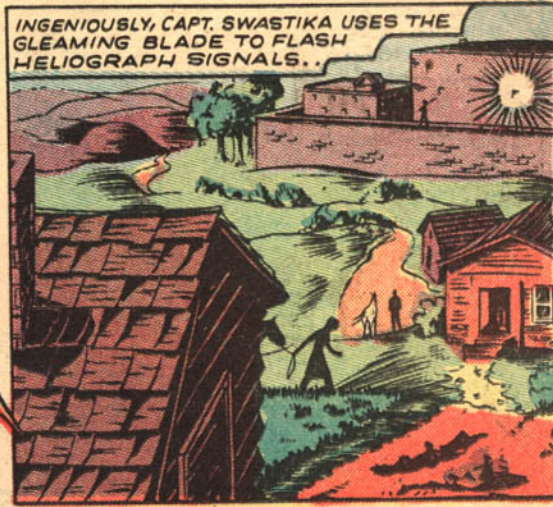
STOP!
YOU
FOOL!

**THE HANGMAN IS
RESPONSIBLE FOR
BOTH OUR PREDICA-
MENTS. WE CAN STILL
AVENGE OURSELVES.
BUT KILLING YOUR-
SELF WON'T DO ANY
GOOD.. GIVE ME
THAT KNIFE!**



WHAT ARE YOU
GOING
TO DO?

WATCH
AND
SEE!



INGENUOUSLY, CAPT. SWASTIKA USES THE
GLEAMING BLADE TO FLASH
HELIOGRAPH SIGNALS..



TO A CABIN ON A
DISTANT HILLTOP.

AT
LAST
CAPTAIN
SWASTIKA
HAS
CONTACTED
ME!



THE WATCHER MAKES A
PHONE CALL

...UND DOT
COMPLETES
DER MESSAGE!



GOOD!
I'LL GET
RIGHT
TO WORK
ON IT!

MEANWHILE, RADIO NEWSCASTERS COMMENT ON THE TWO ARCH-FOES OF DEMOCRACY.

IN JUST A FEW WEEKS, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER WILL WALK THEIR LAST MILE TO THE GALLOWES.

BOTH CRIMINALS HAVE BOASTED THEY WILL ESCAPE... AUTHORITIES DISCOUNT THIS STATEMENT, BUT THE GENERAL PUBLIC IS UNEASY?

NEVER BEFORE IN HISTORY HAS A MORE CAREFUL WATCH BEEN PLACED ON ANY CRIMINALS!

AT HIS HOME, A PROMINENT POLITICIAN LISTENS ANGRILY.

CONFOUND IT! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS RIGHT NOW! I'M GOING TO SEE THE GOVERNOR HIMSELF!

GOOD EVENING, MR. STARR?

GOOD EVENING, WIDEHOUSE. TELL THE GOVERNOR I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM!

SIMON STARR! WELL! GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

GOOD TO SEE YOU TOO, GOVERNOR! BUT ENOUGH OF THAT.. I'M HERE ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION!

WHOSE STUPID IDEA WAS IT TO HAVE CAPT. SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER INTERNED IN AN ORDINARY STATE PRISON? THEY'RE DANGEROUS CRIMINALS, MAN!

BUT AFTER ALL, STARR..

BUT NOTHING, GOVERNOR! SWASTIKA ESCAPED TWICE BEFORE! AS A PUBLIC-MINDED OFFICIAL, I DEMAND THAT THEY BE TAKEN ON BERRIAZZ ISLAND TO THE FEDERAL PRISON WHERE THEY'LL BE REALLY SAFE!

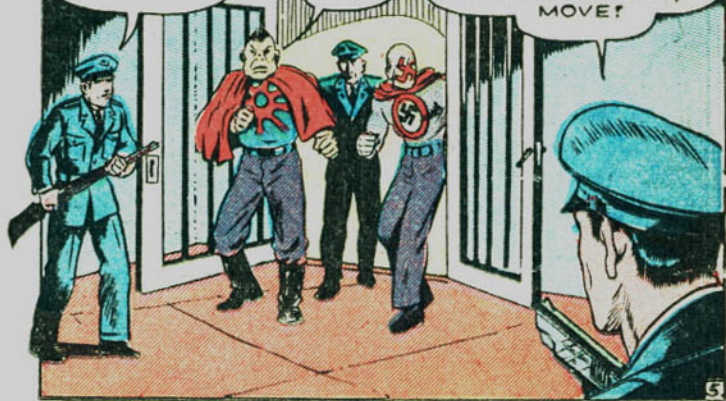
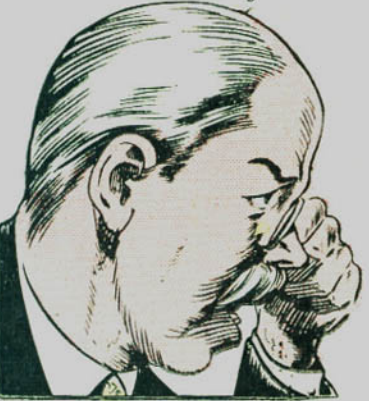
BY GEORGE, STARR, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! BERRIAZZ IS JUST THE PLACE FOR THEM! I'LL ISSUE THE ORDER AT ONCE!

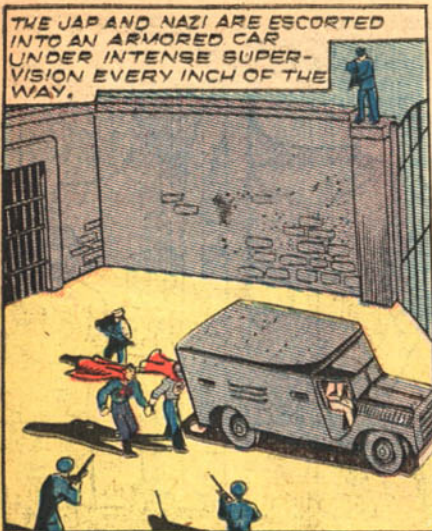
SOME TIME LATER, THE EXECUTIONER AND CAPT. SWASTIKA ARE TAKEN UNCEREMONIOUSLY FROM THEIR CELLS. . .

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO.. GET MOVING!

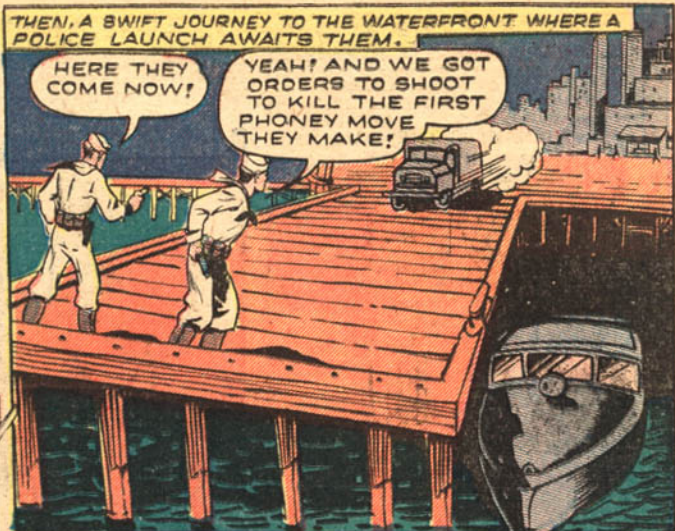
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

A PLACE THAT'S MORE COMFORTABLE FOR SUCH DISTINGUISHED GUESTS! COME ON, MOVE!





THE JAP AND NAZI ARE ESCORTED INTO AN ARMORED CAR UNDER INTENSE SUPERVISION EVERY INCH OF THE WAY.



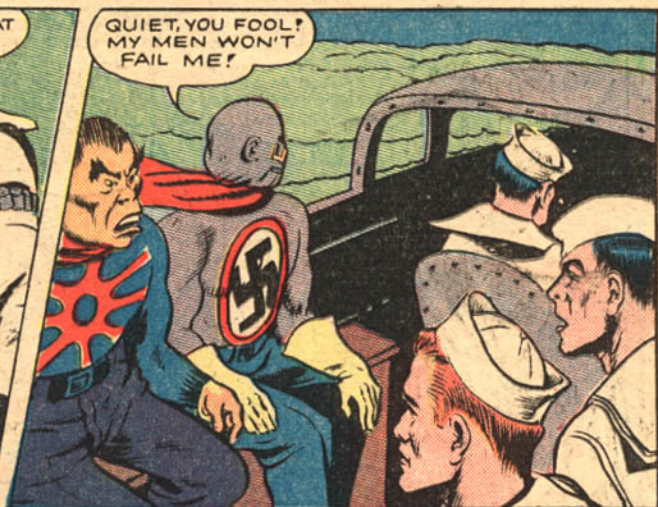
THEN, A SWIFT JOURNEY TO THE WATERFRONT WHERE A POLICE LAUNCH AWAITS THEM.

HERE THEY COME NOW!

YEAH! AND WE GOT ORDERS TO SHOOT TO KILL THE FIRST PHONEY MOVE THEY MAKE!



SWASTIKA, WHERE IS THAT WONDERFUL PLAN OF YOURS? WE'RE WORSE OFF THAN BEFORE!

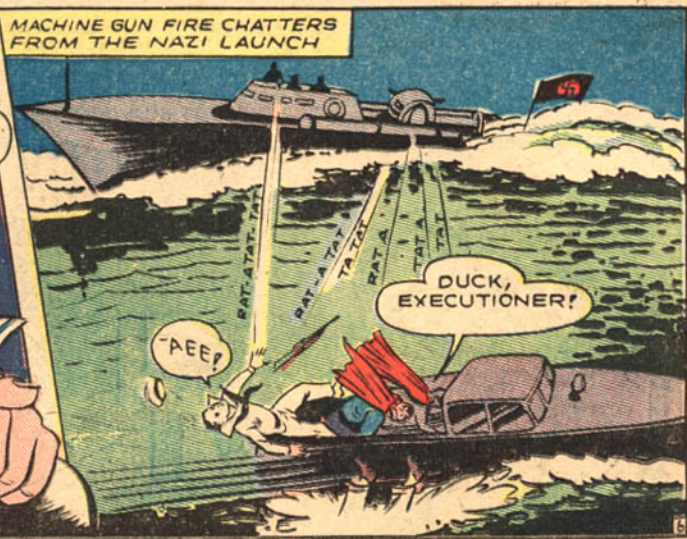


QUIET, YOU FOOL! MY MEN WON'T FAIL ME!



SUDDENLY, THE SAILOR UP FRONT SHOUTS.

LOOK! NAZIS!



MACHINE GUN FIRE CHATTERS FROM THE NAZI LAUNCH

DUCK, EXECUTIONER!

"AEE?"

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, BOB DICKERING AND THELMA EMERGE FROM A MOVIE.

IT FEELS SWELL TO ENJOY A PICTURE AGAIN NOW THAT CAPT. SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER ARE SAFE BEHIND BARS!

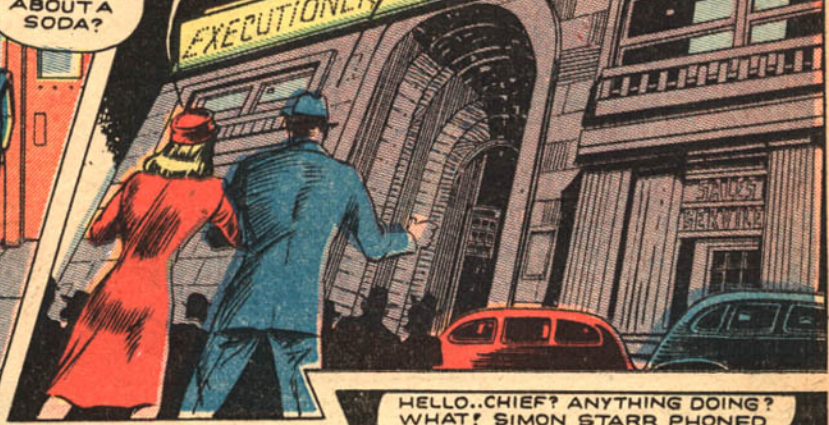
YOU BET! SAY! HOW'S ABOUT A SODA?

SUDDENLY

BOB, LOOK!

GOOD LORD!

EXECUTIONER AND CAPT SWASTIKA ESCAPE



I'D BETTER PHONE MY EDITOR!

OVERCOME GUARDS AND MAKE FOR SEA IN POWER LAUNCH

HELLO..CHIEF? ANYTHING DOING? WHAT? SIMON STARR PHONED THAT HE WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME? O.K., I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM RIGHT AWAY.

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO MR. STARR, PLEASE!



THIS IS STARR SPEAKING. OH..MISS GORDON! I'VE GOT IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT CAPT. SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER!



CAN YOU BRING THE HANGMAN TO MY HOME RIGHT AWAY? IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



..AND HE WANTS ME TO BRING THE HANGMAN ALONG. I WONDER WHAT THIS INFORMATION CAN BE?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. LET'S GET GOING!



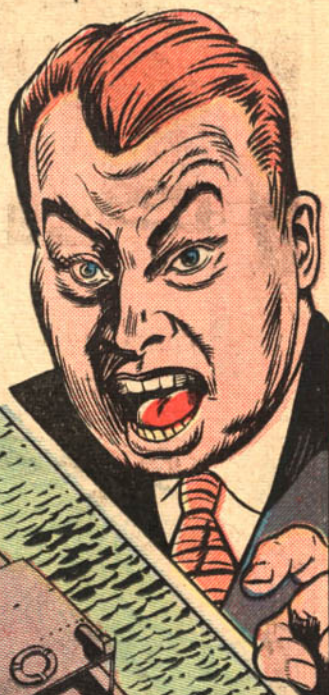
STARR GREETS THEM IN THE HALL..

HERE'S THE HOUSE NOW. C'MON!

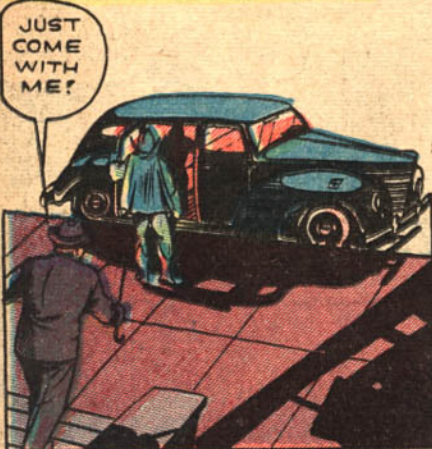
HANGMAN! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME!

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, STARR?

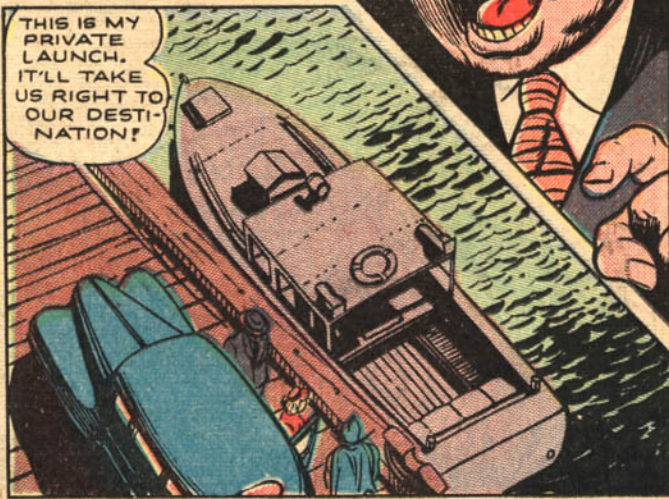
NO TIME FOR TALK? WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO WASTE! LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!



THEY ENTER A WAITING CAR..



JUST COME WITH ME!



THIS IS MY PRIVATE LAUNCH. IT'LL TAKE US RIGHT TO OUR DESTINATION!

THE LAUNCH RIPS THROUGH THE MURKY WATER..



..AND HEADS DIRECTLY TOWARD A STONE-WALLED AND OMINOUS ISLAND.



HERE'S THE PLACE NOW!

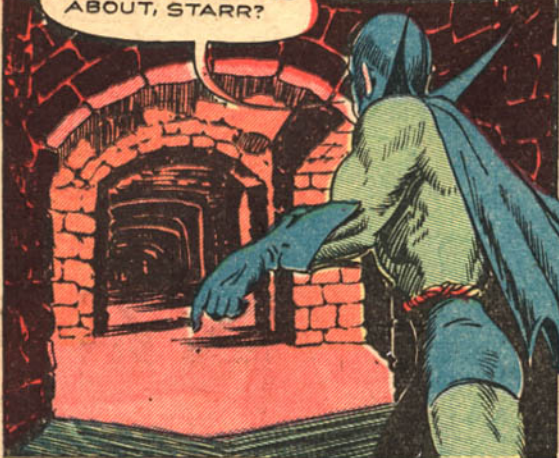


FOLLOW ME!

O.K., STARR! WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

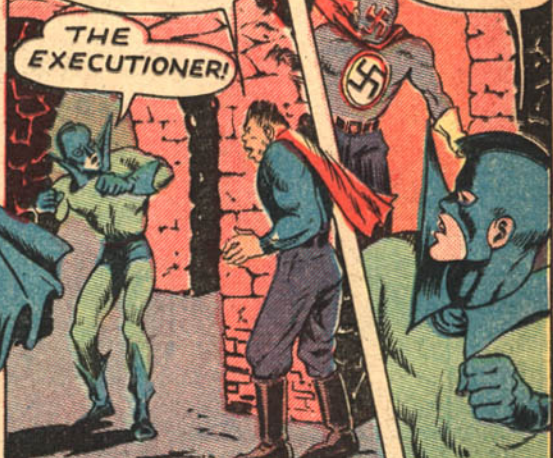
HEY! (PUFF) TAKE IT EASY!

SAY! WHAT KIND OF CRAZY LAYOUT IS THIS ANYWAY? DO YOU MIND TELLING US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, STARR?



I'LL TELL YOU, HANGMAN!

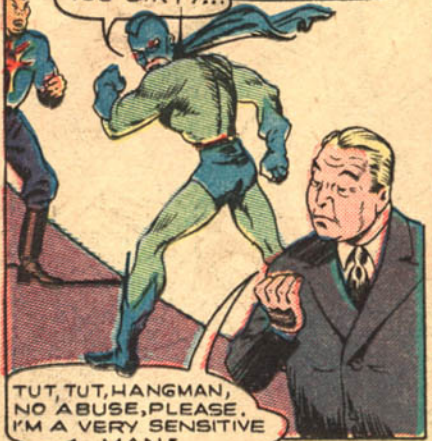
THE EXECUTIONER!



AND I!

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA!

STARR, THE BIG SHOT POLITICIAN... A FIFTH COLUMNIST! WHY YOU DIRTY...



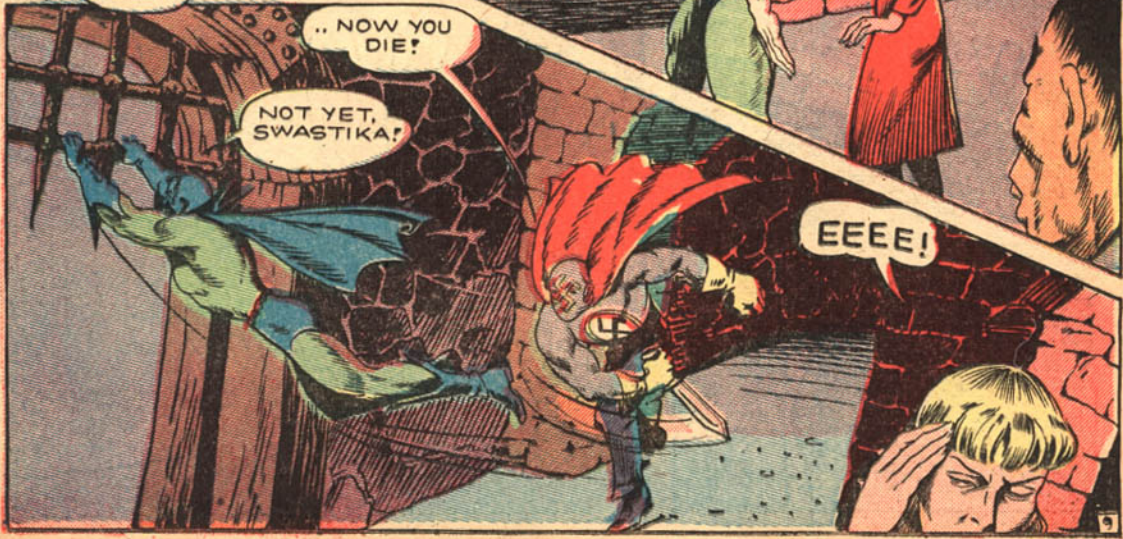
TUT, TUT, HANGMAN, NO ABUSE, PLEASE. I'M A VERY SENSITIVE MAN!

YES, HANGMAN. STARR HAS BEEN A VERY VALUABLE ALLY FOR A LONG WHILE... BUT THE KNOWLEDGE WILL NEVER DO YOU ANY GOOD BECAUSE...



.. NOW YOU DIE!

NOT YET, SWASTIKA!



EEEE!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, EXECUTIONER! THE WORST IS YET TO COME!

LOOK OUT, HANGMAN! STARR'S GOING TO SHOOT!

THE ONLY SHOOTING HE IS GOING TO DO IS RIGHT INTO THAT WALL!

POW!

HE'S AS SLIPPERY AS AN EEL! CURSE HIS BONES!

BUT THE POWERFUL ARM OF CAPTAIN SWASTIKA LUNGES OUT WITH A THROTTLING GRIP.

UGH!

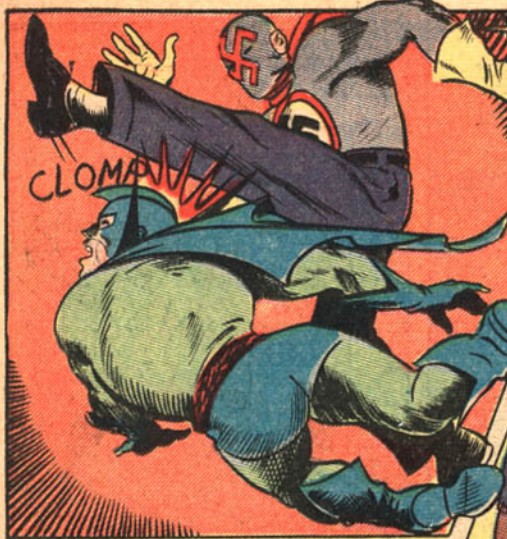
OOF!

THUMP!

OOF!

GOOT WORK, EXECUTIONER! I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM YET!





I HAFF ODER PLANS FOR DER SCHWEIN!

TORTURE, EH, HONORABLE SWASTIKA?

AND IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL THE GRIM AVENGER OF CRIME IS CHAINED TO THE WALL.

EXACTLY! SLOW, BEAUTIFUL TORTURE!



NOW I SHALL LEAVE YOU TO DER TENDER MERCIES OF DER EXECUTIONER.. WHILE I ESCORT HERR STARR BACK TO HIS BOAT!



I WISH I COULD STAY FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT, CAPTAIN.. BUT I'D BETTER BE ON MY WAY!



WE GET IN TOUCH WID YOU SOON, HERR STARR!



SHALL I CHOP OFF AN ARM OR A LEG TO START WITH? I DON'T THINK I CAN WAIT FOR SWASTIKA TO RETURN!



LISTEN, EXECUTIONER! DO YOU IMAGINE SWASTIKA IS WORKING WITH YOU? THEN WHY DID HE ALLOW SIMON STARR TO RETURN TO THE MAINLAND? WHY? THEY'RE CUTTING YOU OUT! THAT'S WHY!



YOU'RE BEING MADE A DUPE! HE'S USING TYPICAL NAZI TRICKS!

DIVIDE AND CONQUER? DIDN'T YOU SEE THEM WINK AT EACH OTHER?

THEY'RE PLOTTING TO GET RID OF YOU!

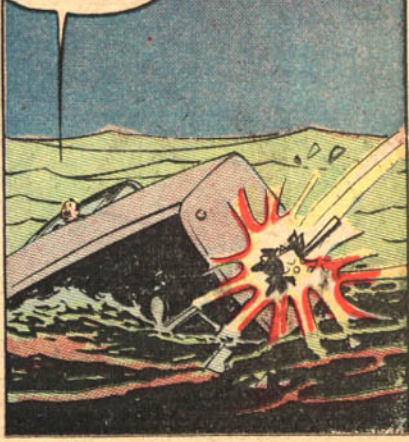
THE HANGMAN IS RIGHT!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM
LATER. BUT FIRST I
SETTLE WITH THOSE
NAZI DOGS!



AS THE POWER LAUNCH
SPEEDS AWAY FROM
SATAN'S ISLAND, THE
EXECUTIONER RAISES
HIS MIGHTY AXE, AND..



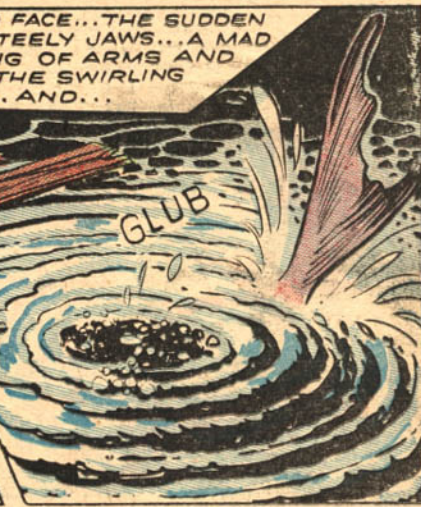
H-HEY!
W-WHAT
IS THIS?



SHARKS!!
AAEEEE!!



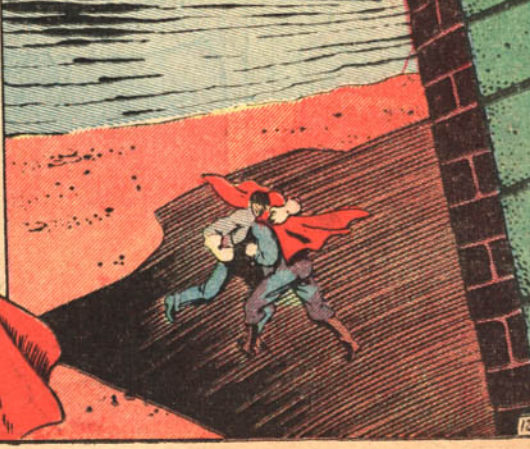
A TERRIFIED FACE... THE SUDDEN
SNAP OF STEELY JAWS... A MAD
THRASHING OF ARMS AND
LEGS IN THE SWIRLING
WATERS.. AND...

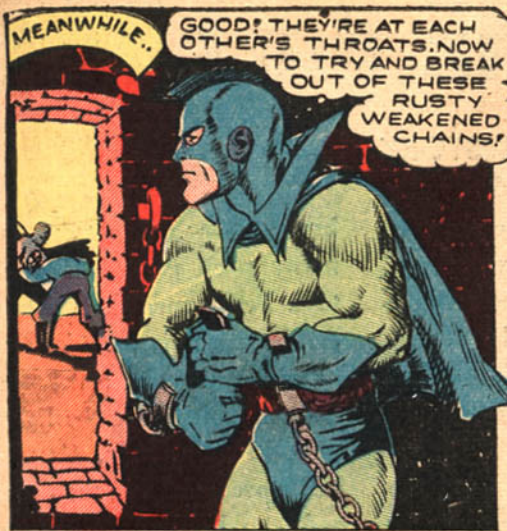


YOU FOOL!
WHAT HAF
YOU DONE?

YOU ARE THE FOOL,
SWASTIKA.. TO
THINK I COULD BE
DELUDED BY
YOU!

THE EVIL EMBODIMENTS OF
DEVILTRY, EGGED ON BY
DISTRUST, LOCK ARMS IN
FURIOUS COMBAT!





MEANWHILE..

GOOD! THEY'RE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS. NOW TO TRY AND BREAK OUT OF THESE RUSTY WEAKENED CHAINS!



SO YOU THINK YOU ARE A MATCH FOR ME?



DIE, YOU FOOL!

Ooo!

LEAPING FORWARD LIKE AN UNCOILED COBRA.. THE VENEMOUS NAZI STRIKES FOR THE THROAT.

SUDDENLY, THE WARNING NOOSE OF THE HANGMAN FLASHES ACROSS SWASTIKA'S FACE!

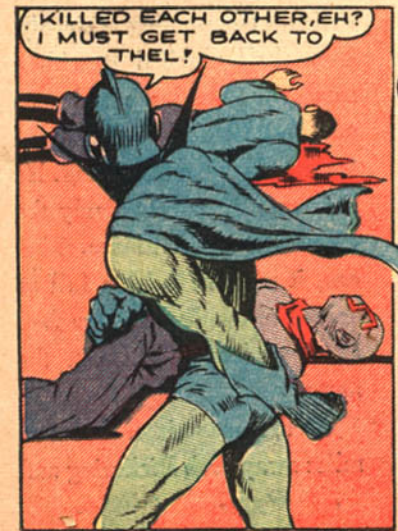


I.. MUST... DRAG.. THIS KNIFE OUT... .. AND...

IN A DYING EFFORT, THE EXECUTIONER FLIPS THE KNIFE AT HIS RIVAL.



NOW.. I HAF YOU.. UGH! AR-RNG!



KILLED EACH OTHER, EH? I MUST GET BACK TO THEL!



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EXECUTIONER AND CAPT. SWASTIKA?

THEIR DAY IS OVER!

I LEFT THEM BOTH DYING ON THE BEACH. IF THEY HAVEN'T KILLED EACH OTHER OFF, THEY MAY YET END UP ON THE GALLOWS!



DESIGN FOR THE GALLOWS

A HANGMAN STORY

IT WAS all so easy. Greaseball Jack smiled to himself as he plodded along the riverbank. The moon shone full, casting eerie shadows from the tree-branches. Like arms coming down and trying to grab you, thought Greaseball. Nuts. Let the other guys be superstitious. He wasn't such a sap. The rest of the gang in his cell-block had thought he was crazy when he planned his escape on Friday the thirteenth. That's why it worked so effectively. Johnny, the trusty, gave him the keys to get a pack of cards he'd left in the laundry. "I don't like to leave the ace of spades hangin' around on the thirteenth," Greaseball had explained. Johnny had understood, or thought he understood. "Sure, Greaseball, I'm superstitious too. Get your cards and bring the keys right back!" "Sure will. So long Johnny." That "so long" had been goodbye to Johnny, and goodbye to the whole prison. It was easy. No guards to slug; no walls to climb over with machine-guns trained on you. Just walk right out of the laundry-room's back door.

An owl hooted ominously, and flapped its great wings. Anybody else'd be scared, thought Greaseball, but not me. It's only an owl. In half an hour he'd reach the hideout. He had planned just this kind of an escape when the cops put the finger on him after the last bank-job he'd done. A cache of canned food, enough to last him a whole year. Books to read, a battery radio to keep in touch with the outside world, and plenty of kerosene to light the lamps at night. No electricity; he didn't want the electric light company snooping around where they weren't wanted.

Clouds fell across the moon, and a hound started baying frantically. "Somebody ought to shoot that mutt," murmured Greaseball as he sighted his cabin. Suddenly, he became rooted to the spot. Something black was sprawled across the front flag-stone. As he approached, it got up, arched its back and meowed piteously. A black cat! Greaseball took hold of himself, and feigned pleasure. "Nice pussy, nice little pussy cat. Want some milk?" He swung open the

heavy door and entered. A musty smell greeted his nostrils. Better open the shutters and let some air come in. No, on second thought, better not. Someone might spot the lighted cabin. Furtively, Greaseball moved about in the dark, and stumbled against his stack of supplies. His groping fingers touched a shirt, a pair of trousers, socks, shoes, all carefully placed there for just this moment, and he quickly changed his clothes. Then he hid the convict suit deep under the pile of supplies.

The black cat suddenly rubbed itself against him. "Cut that out, cancha see I'm busy?" Angrily he lunged out with a kick and caught the cat in the stomach. It let out a horrible shriek, and sweating furiously, Greaseball clubbed it with a small can. The lamp had gone out and he felt a trickle of something wet on his hand. He lit a match, and suddenly the entire floor was ablaze. That can, it must have been full of kerosene. Madly, he thrashed about trying to put out the flames.

In the meantime, not two miles away, Bob Dickering and

Thelma were enroute for their first vacation.

"Nice of the girls to invite us up to their place," remarked Bob, as he swung the car round with the steep bend of the road. "Some wild country out here—swell place to get away from people."

Suddenly, Thelma pointed to the left, and shouted: "Look! Over there—a fire!"

Abruptly Bob stopped the car and stood up in his seat for a better view. "You're right, Thel. I'll beat it over there, and you hurry back to town for help!" "But Bob—" "No 'buts' about it; get going!"

As the car sped away, Bob Dickering broke into a run. Finally he saw that the fire was coming out of a cabin, hidden away in the woods, far from the main road. In another two minutes he was dashing through the door. There he saw Greaseball vainly trying to smother the flames. Without a word, Dickering filled pails of water from the pump at the sink and dashed them against the fire. It wasn't long before the last flame ducked out, leaving the floor a charred mass of black boards.

"I didn't get here any too soon," said Bob smiling.

"Well, you can't leave any too quick to suit me," answered Greaseball surlily. "I don't like visitors."

"Well, that's a fine way to thank someone who helps you put out your fire!" remarked Bob. He turned to the door, and noticed the battered body of the black cat. "How did this happen?" he inquired.

"Never mind, buddy, just scam!"

"Okay, have it your way," replied Dickering. "But a dead black cat and a fire on Friday the thirteenth don't spell good luck to me!"

Greaseball's face went white. "Don't gimme any of that 'luck' stuff, willya! GET OUT!"

"Very, very strange," murmured Dickering as he closed the door behind him. "I think the Hangman would be interested in this, very interested!" He melted into the shadows, and as the clouds scurried past the moon, the sudden blue light revealed THE HANGMAN.

Inside, Greaseball, still shaking from the turn of events tried to keep his mind clear. Bad luck, there's nothin' in it. Just a lot of bad breaks, that's all.

"If I get caught, it's my own fault. Nothin's written in the cards," he muttered audibly, "and there ain't no such thing as Fate pullin' no strings either. Nobody's got nothin' on me!"

"Haven't they?" A sharp

voice cut out through the atmosphere like a steel knife.

Greaseball whirled around. "Wh—who are you?"

"I'm known as the Hangman!" The hooded figure advanced, his penetrating eyes fixed on the fugitive.

"If you have committed no wrong, there's no reason for you to be frightened!"

Suddenly Greaseball uttered a low moan. The warning shadow of the gallows flitted across his terrified face. With a rapid movement, he flung himself at the powerfully built man. With the titanic strength of a frenzied person, Greaseball lunged out with telling blows. At once the Hangman sprang into action. Blow for blow he traded with Greaseball. But it was a struggle of insanity against the cool methodical onslaught of the Hangman. Greaseball gave ground, and as he dodged backwards, he tripped, and fell.

Later, when the police arrived, they found only Bob Dickering and the unconscious form of Greaseball.

"He'll live," remarked the Sergeant as he bent over the convict. "Say, what's this?"

Bob Dickering moved Greaseball's foot. Below it was the object over which he had tripped—the black cat!

LAUGH! LAUGH! LAUGH!

in the SEPT. TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!

YOU'LL LAUGH UNTIL YOUR RIBS ACHE, UNTIL TEARS ARE IN YOUR EYES, UNTIL YOU CAN'T CATCH YOUR BREATH — AS YOU WATCH THE ANTICS OF POKEY OAKY, THE FUNNIEST FUNNY MAN OF THEM ALL; SUZIE, THE WACKIEST DAMSEL THIS SIDE OF THE MOON; SENOR SIESTA, THE SCREWY SOUTH AMERICAN; SNOOP MCGOOK, THE WORLD'S DUMBEST DETECTIVE; THE THREE MONKEYTEERS; AND MANY OTHERS...



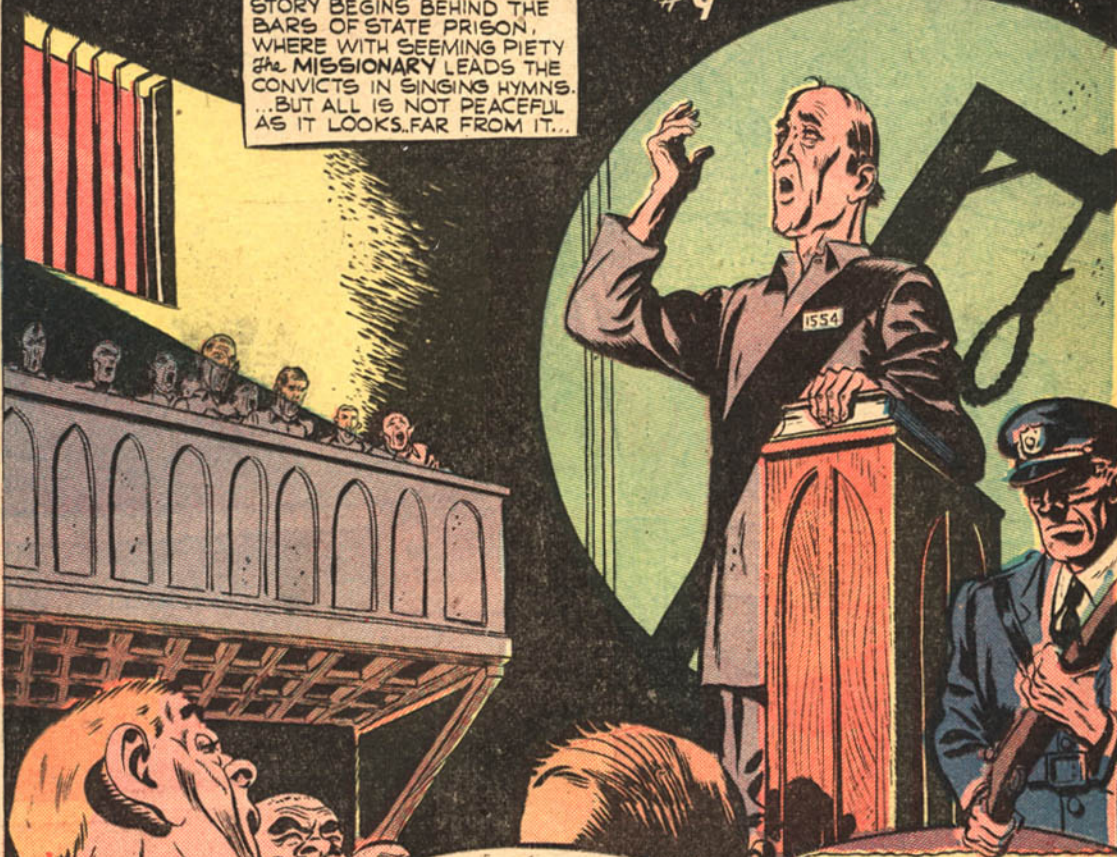
ALSO FEATURING THE BLACK HOOD, IN DESPERATE COMBAT WITH THAT ARCH-MURDERER, THE MOLD, WHOSE DEATH WEAPON HORRIFIES THE NATION!... WATCH FOR YOUR COPY OF THE SEPT. TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!

THE HANGMAN

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT'S TRUE!
THE MISSIONARY IS BACK
AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME OUR
STORY BEGINS BEHIND THE
BARS OF STATE PRISON,
WHERE WITH SEEMING PIETY
THE MISSIONARY LEADS THE
CONVICTS IN SINGING HYMNS.
...BUT ALL IS NOT PEACEFUL
AS IT LOOKS...FAR FROM IT...

Special Case
#9

1948
1949



I SHALL CLOSE TODAY'S
HEAVENLY MESSAGE BY
SINGING. REMEMBER, BRETHREN,
ALL THINGS
COME TO HIM
WHO WAITS!

AND AS THE MEN LEAVE THE
CHAPEL...

HEY, MISSIONARY, KIN I
TALK TO YOU A MINUTE?



CERTAINLY, MY SON! WHAT IS TROUBLING YOU?

YOU SEEM LIKE A RIGHT GUY. I JUST WANNA TELL YA A COUPLA FELLAS AND MYSELF ARE PLANNING A BREAK TONIGHT! YA WOULDN'T LIKE TO JOIN US, WOULD JA, MISH?

AN' WHEN I GETS OUT I'M GOIN' DOWN DE STRAIGHT AND NARROW. HONEST! YOU HAVE REFORMED ME WID YER PREACHIN', MISH!

YOU DO WHAT EVER YOU THINK WISE, MY SON!

GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES!

THAT NIGHT...

A HIGH POWERED SEARCHLIGHT SLICES THROUGH THE INKY BLACKNESS...

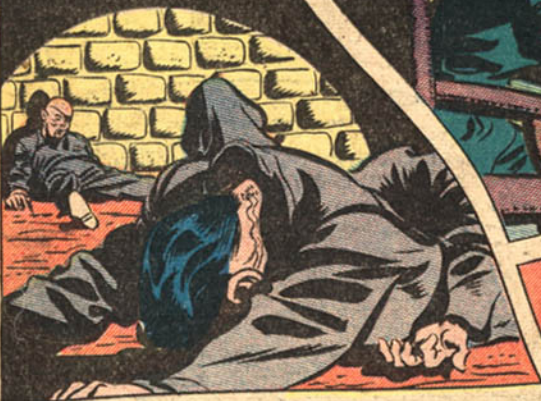
BEAT IT, BOYS! THEYVE TOINED DE LIGHTS ON!

... AND LEADEN DEATH RAKES THE ENTIRE WALL...

...AND THREE CRUMPLED BODIES IN THE PRISON YARD GIVE MUTE AND HORRIBLE EVIDENCE OF A JAIL-BREAK WHICH FAILED..

YOU SANCTIMONIOUS HYPOCRITE! YOUR INFORMATION HAS RESULTED IN FOILING THE JAILBREAK, BUT I LOATHE THE SIGHT OF YOU!

TCH-TCH-TCH!



I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THE INFORMATION YOU GAVE US LOPS OFF THE REMAINING 6-MONTHS OF YOUR SENTENCE! NO ONE'S HAPPIER THAN I TO SEE YOU GO!



WORDS OF WRATH ARE NOT WORDS OF WISDOM, MY DEAR WARDEN! I SHALL LEAVE TOMORROW AND JOIN MY EARTHLY FLOCK!



A MESSAGE MOVES FROM HAND TO HAND...



..UNTIL IT LEAVES THE PRISON IN A SHOE...



..IT FINALLY ENDS IN A HOUSE, WHERE IT IS PLACED INTO AN ENVELOPE AND MAILED.

HEIL HITLER!
DIS NOTE CHUST
CAME FOR YOU,
HERR CHIEF!

HEIL
HITLER! GIF
IT HERE!

HMM... MOST
INTERESTING! A CONVICT
CALLED DER MISSIONARY...

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE PRISON...

...AND MAY THESE POOR
MISGUIDED MORTALS FIND
THE SALVATION THEY WERE
SEEKING, BLAH, BLAH...

GEE, DE POOR
GUYS WAS ONLY
TRYING TO ESCAPE
TOO!

...INFORMS
ON HIS FELLOW
PRISONERS UND
GETS HIS SENTENCE
REDUCED. HMM!
VE COULD USE
A MAN OF SUCH
CLEVERNESS...

...TO CONCLUDE, MAY
THEY REST IN PEACE.

THANK HEAVEN
IT WON'T BE
LONG BEFORE
I'M OUT OF
THIS PIG-
STY!

MINUTES LATER THE MISSIONARY
WALKS OUT, A FREE MAN...

HEY-YOU! WOULD
YOU LIKE A LIFT?

NO, THANK YOU!
MY WAY IS TO
WALK WITH THE
HUMBLE!

A
BILL
CHANGES
HANDS...

...AND THE
MISSIONARY
ENTERS THE CAR

THE NAZI
GOVERNMENT
CAN USE YOUR
SERVICES!

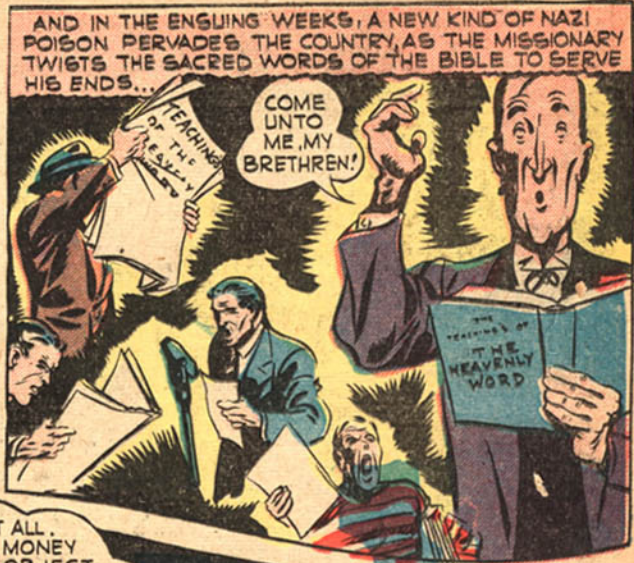
EASY MONEY!
THIS IS THE CHANCE
I'VE BEEN LOOK-
ING FOR!

A
HUNDRED
DOLLARS!



VE WANT YOU TO HELP SPREAD DER NAZI TEACHINGS! YOU VILL HAF ALL DER MONEY YOU NEED AT YOUR DISPOSAL!

PERFECT! I HUMBLY ACCEPT YOUR OFFER AND A SLIGHT (AHEM) ADVANCE, IF YOU PLEASE!



COME UNTO ME, MY BRETHREN!



... MONEY IS POURING IN! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN CONTRIBUTIONS! ER... I'LL TAKE MY SHARE NOW!

TAKE IT ALL. HA, HA, MONEY IS NO OBJECT. DER PROPAGANDA INTERESTS US ONLY... TONIGHT YOU VILL HAF AN EFN GREATER AUDIENCE. I HAF ARRANGED FOR YOU TO BROADCAST!



NEXT NIGHT...

GREETINGS, MY CHILDREN, THIS IS THE VOICE OF THE HEAVENLY WORD BRINGING YOU A MESSAGE OF PEACE!



AMERICA MUST THINK! ARE WE ALWAYS RIGHT? IS NOT THE OTHER SIDE SOMETIMES THE TRUE SIDE? BLAH-BLAH-BLAH.

THELMA! THAT VOICE! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE!

SO WOULD I, BOB-IT'S...



...THAT SWINDLING KILLER, THE MISSIONARY! I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS OUT OF JAIL!

SO HE'S THE ANTI-AMERICAN HEAVENLY WORD! WELL, THE HANG-MAN'S GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!

YEA, MY CHILDREN! LET US DO MORE THAN PRAY FOR PEACE, LET US DEMAND IT!

SUDDENLY, THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS MARKS A WARNING UPON THE WALL...

GIVE ME THAT MICROPHONE, MISSIONARY! I'VE ALSO GOT A MESSAGE FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE!

THE HANGMAN!

FELLOW AMERICANS, THE HEAVENLY WORD YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO IS NONE OTHER THAN A CHEAP, LYING EX-CONVICT -- THE MISSIONARY! DO NOT BE DELUDED...

HIS ONLY RELIGION IS MONEY - HIS CULT, MURDER!

GET AWAY FROM THAT MICROPHONE, BLAST YOU!

WELL, SO AM I!

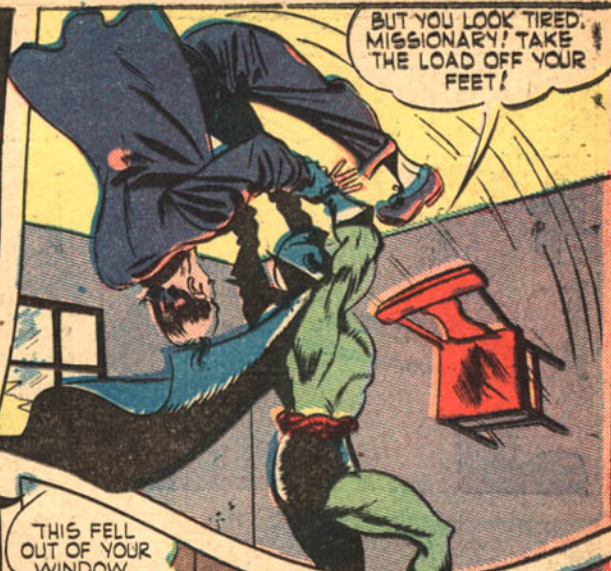
CRASH

TCH-TCH - THROWING MONEY AWAY! YOU REALLY ARE MAD, AREN'T YOU?

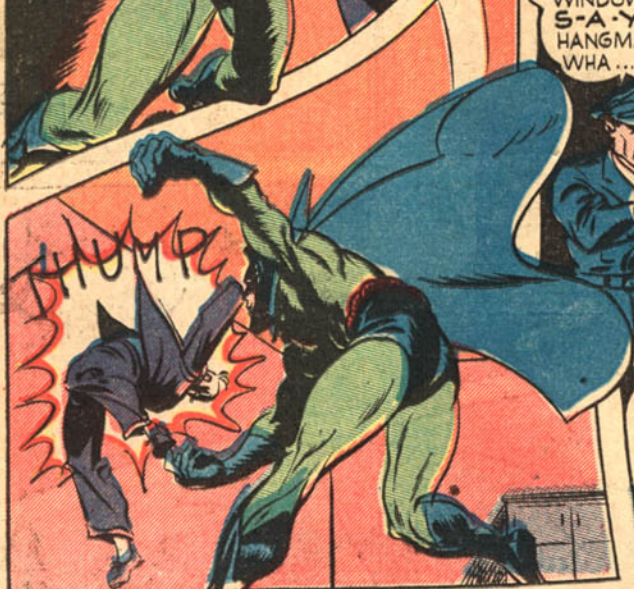




THANKS JUST THE SAME - I DONT THINK I'LL HAVE A CHAIR!



BUT YOU LOOK TIRED, MISSIONARY! TAKE THE LOAD OFF YOUR FEET!



THIS FELL OUT OF YOUR WINDOW... S-A-Y! HANGMAN! WHA...HOW?

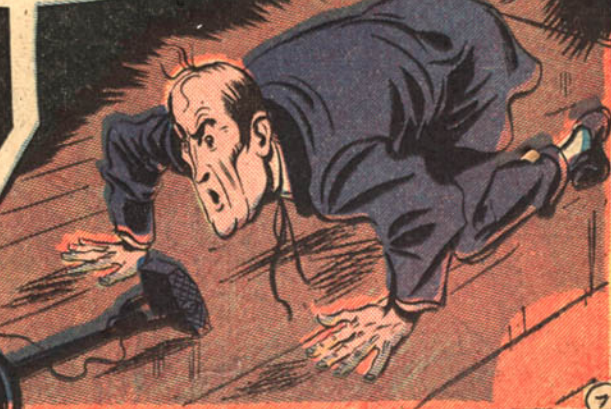


JUST DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT WITH AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE OFFICER!

BRETHREN - YOU HAVE HEARD THE HANGMAN RECITING A PACK OF LIES...HE.. HUNH? CURSE IT - THIS MICROPHONE'S BROKEN!



SO LONG, MISSIONARY! I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU! YOU'RE BOUND TO SLIP UP AGAIN AND STICK YOUR NECK IN A NOOSE!



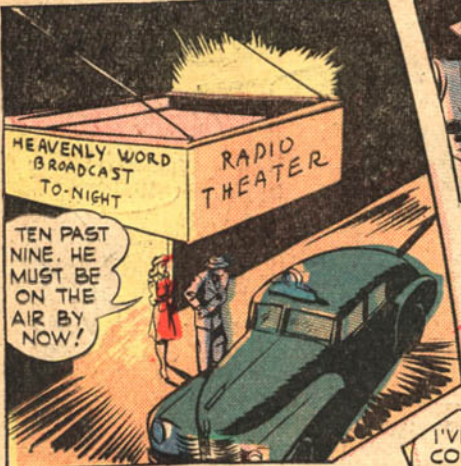
THAT NIGHT, AT THELMA'S OFFICE ...

DID YOU HEAR THE HEAVENLY WORDS ATTACK ON THE HANGMAN, BOSS?

YEAH, AND I HEARD WHAT SOUNDED LIKE A BANG-UP FIGHT DURING THIS AFTERNOON'S BROADCAST!

IT LOOKS LIKE A GREAT STORY! I WANT YOU, JOHNNY AND THELMA, TO FIND OUT WHO'S IN BACK OF THIS "HEAVENLY WORD"!

THERE HE IS. LET'S GET TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE! IT'LL BE DESERTED THIS LATE AT NIGHT!



TEN PAST NINE. HE MUST BE ON THE AIR BY NOW!

COME ON, NOBODY'S IN THE HALL!

PRIVATE BUSINESS OFFICE

I'VE GOT IT! COME HERE, THELMA! LOOK!

SEARCH THROUGH THOSE FILES JOHNNY! THERE OUGHT TO BE A RECORD SHOWING WHO'S SPONSORING THESE BROADCASTS!

COPIES OF THE CONTRACT FOR TWO "HEAVENLY WORD" PROGRAMS DAILY!

PAID IN ADVANCE FOR SIX MONTHS BY MR. I. GORTZ, 13 ANGEL STREET!

LET'S GO, JOHNNY! THIS MR. GORTZ MAY HAVE SOME FRONT PAGE NEWS FOR US!

I HOPE SO!

BUT LOOK! NONE OTHER THAN THE MISSIONARY LEAVES THE STUDIO BUILDING...

13 ANGEL STREET, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

HMM... WHERE DID I LEAVE MY CHARIOT?

AH! HERE WE ARE! AFTER TONIGHT'S BROADCAST I'LL BUY MYSELF A NEW CAR!

AT THE SAME MOMENT, AT 13 ANGEL STREET...

I HOPE DESE PRINTED VORDS VILL DO AS MUCH GOOD FOR OUR CAUSE AS DER BROADCASTS HAF!

QUITE AN IDEA TO PRINT OUR LITERATURE HERE... VONDER VAT'S KEEPING DER MISSIONARY? I HAVE MANY BONES TO PICK WITH HIM!

AS THE DOOR OPENS...

ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP, MR. HEAVENLY MISSIONARY! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU....

W-H-A-T! W-WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

JUST STROLLED IN, MR. GORTZ, TO FIND A MOST INTERESTING SET-UP! SWASTIKAS AND THE PRINTING OF NAZI PROPAGANDA!

WITH SUDDEN FIERCENESS A PAIR OF HANDS REACHES OUT FOR JOHNNY'S NECK, SQUEEZING TIGHTER AND TIGHTER...

I'VE GOT A STORY HERE THAT'LL BUST THIS TOWN WIDE OPEN!

UGGHH

DOH



TAKE CARE OF THE FEMALE, GORTZ! I'LL ATTEND TO THIS NOSEY NEWS HAWK!

AARRGG



TOO BAD THIS MAN HAD NO TIME TO SAY HIS PRAYERS!

DIS VILL STIFLE YOU-UNTIL VE DECIDE HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOU!

LIND NOW FOR YOU, HERR MISSIONARY, YOU HAD BEEN GETTING TOO HIGH LIND MIGHTY! UNDERSTAND- I AM DER BOSS!

YOU MAY THINK YOU ARE, BUT... ACTUALLY I AM!

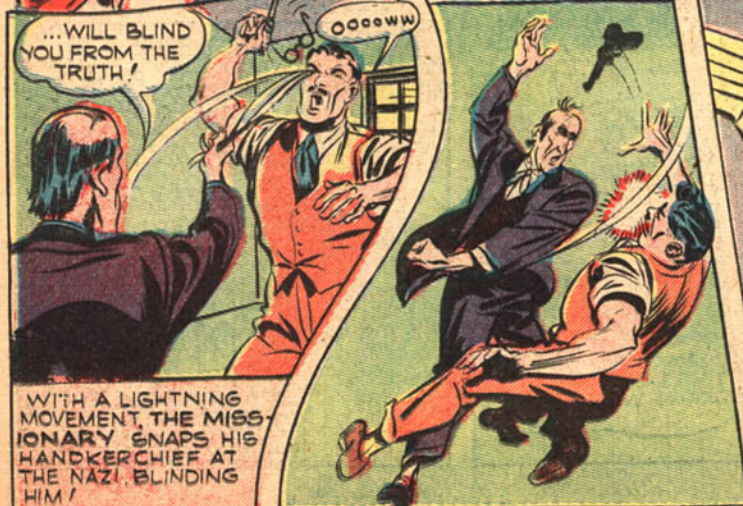


YOU HAD BETTER DO AS I SAY-OTHERWISE I TURN YOU IN FOR DIS MURDER OF YOURS!

THREATS ARE OF NO AVAIL, MY MAN, SO LONG AS I RECEIVE THE CONTRIBUTIONS I SHALL DO AS I PLEASE!

WHY... YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING...!

DEAR, DEAR! HARSH WORDS...



...WILL BLIND YOU FROM THE TRUTH!

Ooooooww

WHIP-LIKE, THE MISSIONARY LASHES OUT WITH A FIERCE LEFT HOOK...

WITH A LIGHTNING MOVEMENT, THE MISSIONARY SNAPS HIS HANDKERCHIEF AT THE NAZI, BLINDING HIM!



N-NO! NO, DON'T!

THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE GUN...

...MUST DIE BY THE GUN! REST IN PEACE, UNFORTUNATE MAN!

NOW, MY DEAR, I SHALL ADMINISTER A LITTLE LETHAL LESSON TO YOU!

M-M-N-N-N-UH!

THE HANGMAN!

AND THEN...

I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS IN A MOMENT, THELMA!

NOW WHERE DID THAT PHONY PARSON GO?

DOWN THE STAIRS, HANGMAN!

THE HANGMAN DASHES DOWN THE STAIRS INTO THE CELLAR AND FINDS...

...A NEST OF RATZIS!

STOP HIM, OR WE'RE ALL LOST!

NOT SO FAST, MISSIONARY! I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU!





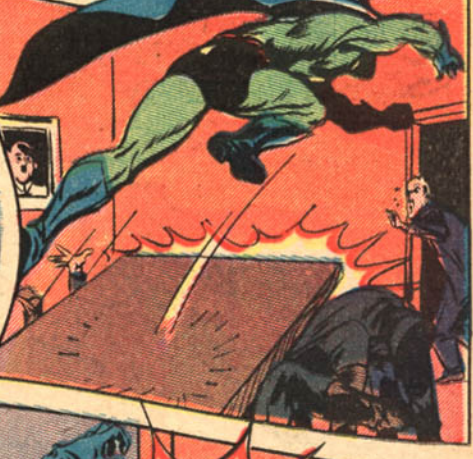
SHOOT DOT MAN, QVICK!



SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR AIM, BOYS, BUT YOU CUGHT TO..



...KEEP AWAY FROM THESE SWINGING DOORS!



MUST YOU GO SO SOON, MISSIONARY?



WITH THE SPEED OF A PANTHER THE HANGMAN SPRINGS FOR THE DOOR...



THUMP

BUT INSTEAD OF CONTINUING HIS FLIGHT, THE MISSIONARY CLEVERLY STOPS AND SLAMS THE DOOR INTO THE ONRUSHING HANGMAN

THOSE THAT SMITE SHALL
IN TURN BE SMITTEN! YOU
HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!

UNCOILING LIKE A
COBRA, THE HANG-
MAN LUNGES OUT
WITH HIS FOOT...

OooOomph!

CRUNCH

HANGMAN, ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT?

HELLO, THEL... YOU
MIGHT ASK THESE
LADS THAT QUESTION!

WEEKS LATER


WELL,
MISSIONARY,
THIS TIME YOU
REALLY MEASURED
YOURSELF FOR A
NOOSE.....I
WARNED YOU
YOU'D SLIP...
TAKE HIM
AWAY, BOYS!

I HAVE COME TO
GIVE YOU COMFORT
IN YOUR LAST MOMENTS!

SAVE IT...I AM
A MAN OF THE
CLOTH MYSELF!
I SHALL SAY
MY OWN
LAST
WORDS!

.. AND SO I GO TO
MY ETERNAL REST,
A BLAMELESS, MIGN-
DERSTOOD MAN DOING
MUCH GOOD UNTO MY
FELLOW MAN...
UNTIL I WAS
CAUGHT!

BUT IS THIS
REALLY THE
END OF THE
MISSIONARY?
MORE OF THE
HANGMAN
IN EVERY
ISSUE
OF
PEP
Comics




THE
MAN-O-WAR
BIRD HAS
BEEN TRAINED TO
ACT AS POSTMAN
IN CERTAIN OF
THE SOUTH SEA
ISLANDS



HIGH JUMPING CHAMPS

THE UN-OFFICIAL
HIGH-JUMPING CHAMP-
IONS OF THE WORLD
ARE THE MEMBERS
OF THE TALL, HANDSOME
WATUSSI TRIBE
OF SOUTH AFRICA




THEY CAN JUMP BETWEEN
7 and 8 FEET



Tree of DEATH

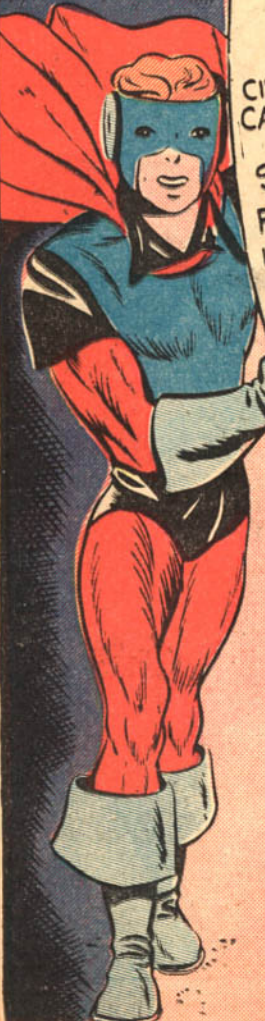
THE "DATURA" TREE
OF SOUTH AMERICA
PRODUCES BEAUTIFUL
LARGE WHITE FLOWERS.
-YET THEY ARE
THE SOURCE OF
ATROPINE
A DEADLY POISON.



MALE **SEA LIONS** AND
FUR BEARING SEALS
CAN GO FOR ALMOST
3 MONTHS AT A
TIME WITHOUT
EATING!

LOOK AT THIS HEADLINE. ALL YOU MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS! THE FELLOWS THAT MADE IT COME TRUE ALSO WERE KIDS ONCE, PRAYING FOR THE TIME THEY COULD GET THEIR HANDS ON A JOY-STICK!

MAYBE WE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERS WILL BE MAKING HEAD LINES LIKE THIS SOME DAY, SO DO IT... **NOW!** ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO BECOME A MEMBER IS TO DROP US A POST CARD!



IT'S THE BIGGEST THING YET!

YOU SHOWED US THAT BY YOUR TREMENDOUS RESPONSE TO OUR CALL FOR MEMBERS! SO MANY THOUSANDS JOINED THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO PRINT ALL THEIR NAMES! BUT WE'LL PRINT AS MANY AS WE CAN IN EVERY ISSUE OF *HANGMAN Comics* FROM NOW ON. KEEP THAT MEMBERSHIP GROWING. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO BECOME A MEMBER IS DROP US A POSTCARD ADDRESS, 60 HUDSON ST... ROOM 315... NEW YORK CITY..... TELL US YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE... THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS HAS **BIG PLANS**..YOU WON'T MISS OUT ON THE FUN, IF YOU HURRY NOW!



THE ROY and DUSTY

MY NAME'S FINGERS! BET ON NAGS, CARDS ANYTHING! WHAT'S MORE I WIN. SEE? THIS WAR IS STRICTLY A SUCKER'S GAME... I'M PLAYIN' SAFE AN' STAYIN' OUTA IT!

YOUR NAME'S MUD, NAZI! BATTER UP!

A GUY CALLED FINGERS! A BIG SHOT GAMBLER, TOO BUSY MAKING SMART MONEY TO BE AN AMERICAN BUT HIS BOY BUDDIES ST HAD DIFFERENT IDEAS WHEN THEY FATE TOGETHER WITH THE GUY CALLED FINGERS!

SPECIAL CASE # 5

paul Reinman

OUR STORY BEGINS AT THE ARMY RECREATION HALL WHERE A BUNCH OF SOLDIERS ARE PLAYING PENNY A POINT PINOCCHLE...



THAT DEALS ME OUT...I'M THROUGH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SOLDIER, CAN'T YOU TAKE IT?



HEY!

I'VE LOST THREE CENTS ALREADY. A GUY CALLED 'FINGERS' ONCE TOLD ME, 'GET OUT OF A GAME WHEN YOU'RE LOSING.'

YOU MEAN THE BIG GAMBLER? S-A-Y, YOU DON'T KNOW HIM!

FINGERS!



OH, DON'T I! HE WAS QUITE A PAL OF MINE...LISTEN TO THIS!



...ONE DAY AT FINGER'S HANGOUT...

YEAH! 5000 G'S ON 'BRIGHT WILLIE,' MIKE!

JOE, PUT ME 10,000 G'S ON 'UHHUH'!



NOW LET'S SEE! LITTLE BLACK BOOK, MAKE DOUGH FOR ME!





BUTCH, RUN DOWN TO JOE'S AND PUT 15,000 ON "RISSA" FOR ME, WILL YA?

SORRY, FINGERS, I'M THROUGH. I'VE ENLISTED IN THE ARMY!

YOU'RE NUTS! WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?

TO STOP THINGS LIKE THIS, FINGERS! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT HEADLINE!

AUHH! DON'T BOTHER ME WITH THAT PATRIOTIC BULL! I'LL HAVE TO GO AND PLACE THE BET MYSELF!

SUNK ORANGES 3.25 for 28¢ EARS 25¢ 5¢ 14¢ 22¢

BETTER STOP IN AT TONY'S AND GET ME A LUCKY APPLE!

SAY, WHERE'S TONY? HE KNOWS HE'S GOT TO HAVE AN APPLE READY FOR ME!

I DON'T KNOW, MISTA FINGA, HE NO SHOW UP SINCE MORNING!

AT THAT MOMENT...

FINGERS, COME QUICK! THEY'VE GOT TONY UP IN HIS ROOM! I HEARD VOICES OUTSIDE!

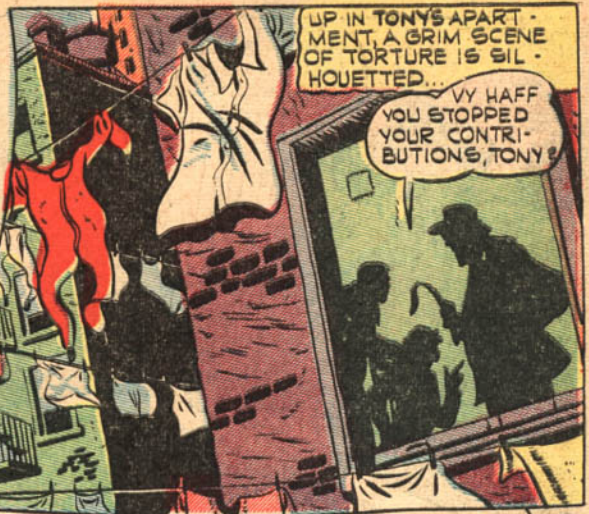
THEY? WHO'S THEY? SPEAK UP, KID!

FOLLOW ME, FINGERS I'LL SHOW YOU!

WISE GUYS UP THERE, HUH? THEY CAN'T PULL ANYTHING ON MY PAL, TONY! HE'S MY LUCKY-APPLE-MAN!



UP IN TONY'S APARTMENT, A GRIM SCENE OF TORTURE IS UNFOLDED...



...VY HAFF YOU STOPPED YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS, TONY?

BECAUSE I NO SCARED OF YOU ANY MORE, I'M A GOOD AMERICAN AND I GONNA TELL THE POLICE ABOUT-A YOU



OH, NO YOU DON'T!

NOBODY EVER LEAFS OUR ORGANIZATION ALIVE, TONY!



WHATTA YOU MEAN? WHATTA YOU GONNA DO?

JUST THEN...

DIS!

YOU CAN STILL CHANGE YOUR MIND, TONY!

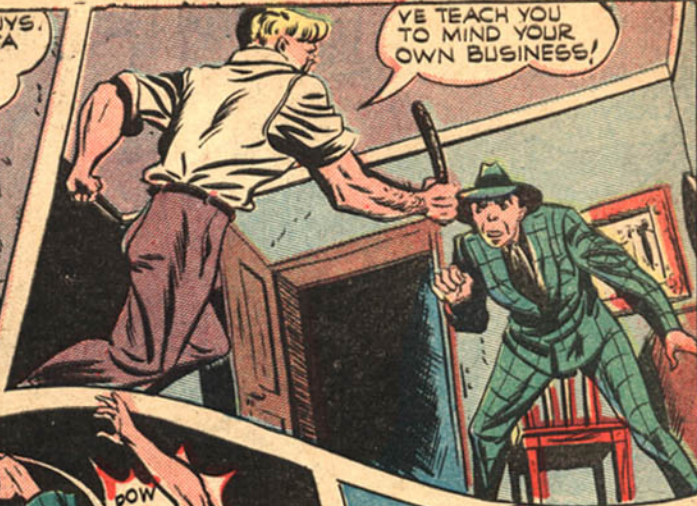


HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



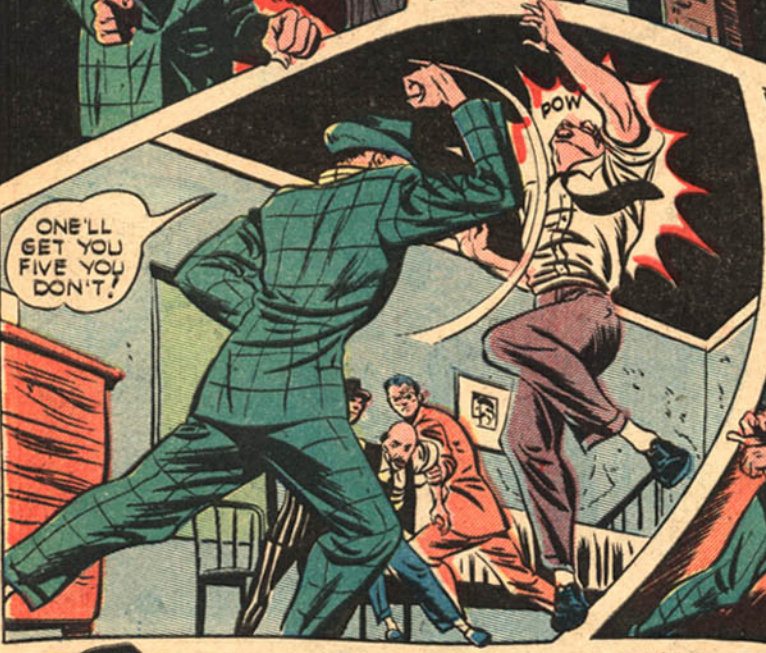
STRONG-ARM GUYS.
HUH? GET OUTTA
HERE, AND GET
OUT FAST, OR ...

YE TEACH YOU
TO MIND YOUR
OWN BUSINESS!



ONE'LL
GET YOU
FIVE YOU
DON'T!

AND WHILE WE'RE ON
THE SUBJECT, I'VE DONE
A LITTLE FIXIN' IN MY
TIME, TOO!



... RIGHT BEHIND
THE EIGHT-BALL!

ANOTHER
MOVE OUT OF
YOU UND VE PUT
AN END TO
YOUR FRIEND!

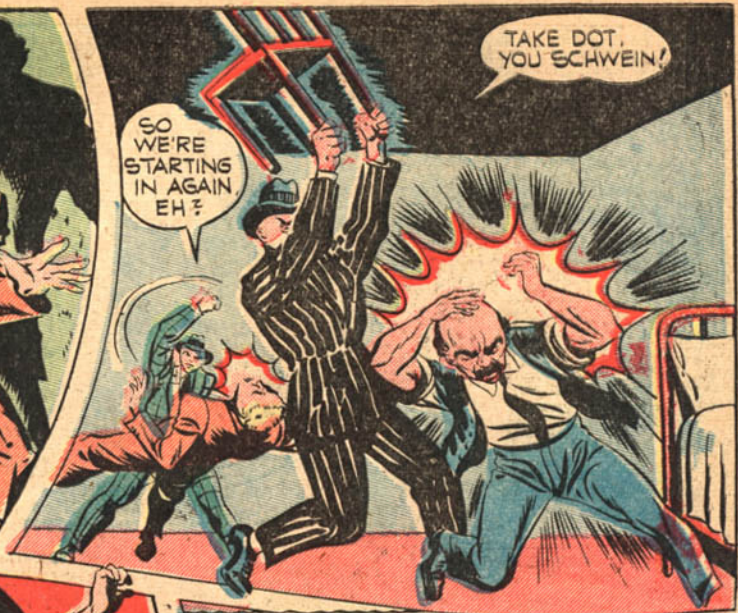


SUDDENLY, THE PLUCKY LITTLE FRUIT PEDDLER DUCKS, AND...



OOF!

SO WE'RE STARTING IN AGAIN EH?



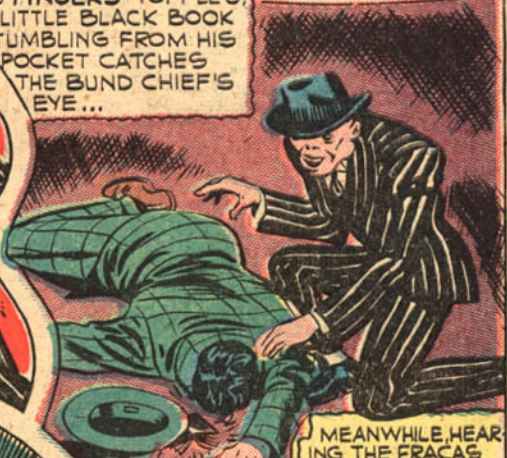
TAKE DOT, YOU SCHWEIN!

VE DON'T FOOL MIT YOU ANY MORE. YOU VON'T MEDDLER AGAIN!



OO.W!

AS FINGERS TOPPLES, A LITTLE BLACK BOOK TUMBLING FROM HIS POCKET CATCHES THE BUND CHIEF'S EYE...



HMM! DESE FIGURES LOOK INTERESTING!

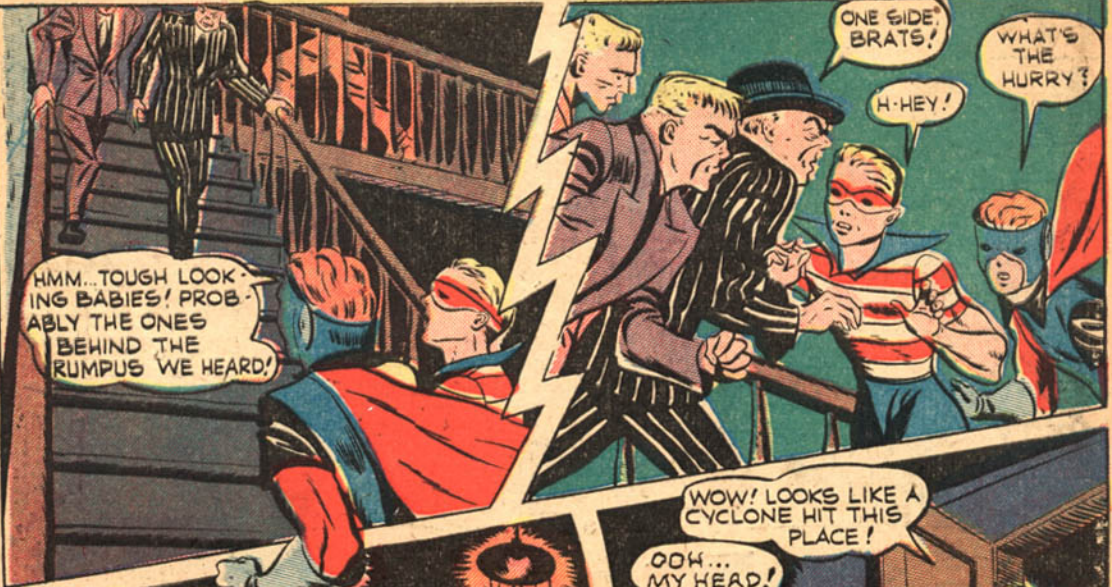


MAN-POWER, 15,000... PERISCOPE, 6,000... SUB-CHASER, 1,000... DER FUEHRER MIGHT LIKE TO SEE DIS!

COME ON, DUSTY!

MEANWHILE, HEARING THE FRACAS FROM THE STREET ROY and DUSTY THE INTREPID BOY BUDDIES DASH UP THE STAIRS...

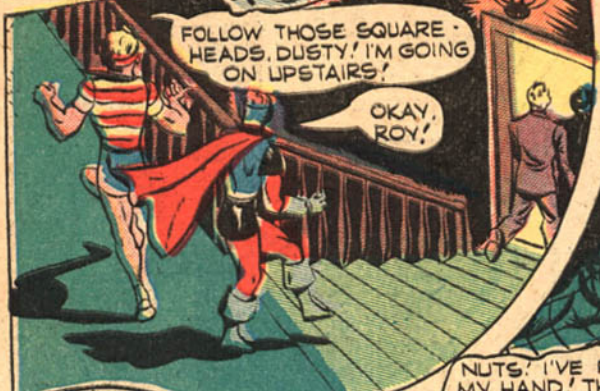




HMM... TOUGH LOOKING BABIES! PROBABLY THE ONES BEHIND THE RUMPUS WE HEARD!

ONE SIDE, BRATS!
H-HEY!

WHAT'S THE HURRY?



FOLLOW THOSE SQUARE-HEADS, DUSTY! I'M GOING ON UPSTAIRS!

OKAY, ROY!



WOW! LOOKS LIKE A CYCLONE HIT THIS PLACE!

OOH... MY HEAD!



THOSE LUGS JUST CREASED ME.. BOY, MY LUCK'S STILL WITH ME! HOW'S TONY?

HE'S DEAD.. COME ON.. WE CAN STILL CATCH UP WITH THOSE GUYS!

NUTS! I'VE PLAYED OUT MY HAND! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE COPS OR THE F.B.I... LET 'EM FOOL WITH THOSE BUN-ISTS. POLITICS IS OUTA MY LINE. I ALWAYS PLAY IT SAFE, SEE?

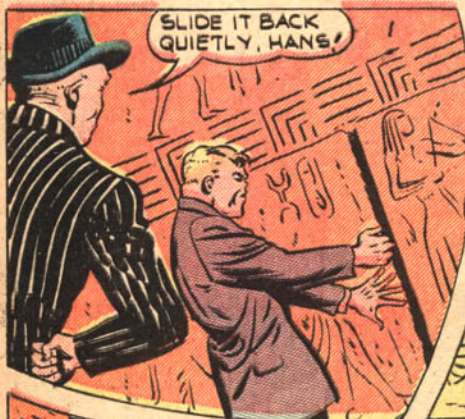


MEANWHILE

SAY, THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT PRIVATE MUSEUM! NOW WHAT?



CAUTIOUSLY ROY STALKS THE FORBID-DING-LOOKING FOUR-SOME...



SLIDE IT BACK QUIETLY, HANS!



THE MEN DISAPPEAR ONE BY ONE INTO A HIDDEN RECESS!



JUST BEFORE THE SECRET DOOR SLIDES BACK, DUSTY DARTS FROM HIDING, AND...



...HOLY HANNAH! LOOK AT THAT SET-UP!

I'D BETTER CALL ROY AT THAT FRUIT STORE NEXT DOOR TO WHERE I LEFT HIM!



HELLO, OPERATOR, GET ME A FRUIT STORE CALLED "TONY'S" ON LOWER VINE STREET!

STOP PEDDLING THAT PATRIOTIC HOOEY, KID! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, I TELL YA!

HMM... I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!



I'LL WAIT DOWN HERE FOR DUSTY! HE'S SURE TO REMEMBER THE NEXT DOOR FRUIT STORE!

AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE WIRE.

THIS IS DUSTY, ROY! I FOUND THE HIDE-OUT OF THOSE MUSCLEMEN. BEAT IT OVER HERE FAST-THERE'S NO TIME TO CALL THE COPS. I'M AT THE MUSEUM!



HELLO? WHO DO YOU WANT-A? WHO? ROY? NO! THERE IS NOBODY HERE CALLED-A ROY!

COME ON, FINGERS! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP NOW! DUSTY'S TRAILED THE KILLERS!

NIX, KID! THAT TARZAN STUFF AIN'T FOR ME! LET THE FLAT FOOTS TAKE CARE OF IT! I GOTTA SEE A MAN ABOUT A HORSE!



I TELL-A YOU NO!

HOLD ON, JOSEPHINE! THAT CALLS FOR ME!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, FINGERS STEPS JAUNTILY INTO JOE'S POOL-ROOM...



HYAH, FINGERS! WHATSA FAVORITE AT BELMONT TODAY?

TELL YOU SOON AS I CHECK WITH MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK!



STEP ASIDE, CUE BALL!



H-HEY! IT'S GONE! THOSE DIRTY RATS! THEY STOLE IT FROM ME! I'LL GET THOSE LOOTS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, LISTEN, GANG...



...OKAY? ROUND UP THE GANG AND MEET ME WHERE I SAID!



IN THE MEANTIME ROY REACHES THE MUSEUM...

I TRIED TO BRING FINGERS, DUSTY, BUT HE...

NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE.. FOLLOW ME!

THE HIDEOUT IS BACK OF THIS... UGH... I CAN'T BUDGE IT... UGH!

LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND, DUSTY!!

AT THAT MOMENT... INSIDE THE TOMB...

I BELIEF SOMEBODY ISS TRYING TO OPEN DER DOOR!

GET INSIDE, QVICK! I VILL ATTEND TO IT!



NOBEY PEOPLES ALWAYS ANNOY ME!

SHUT DOT DOOR FROM DER INSIDE!



LIKE EVIL-GRINNING PANTHERS, THE NAZIS SILENTLY WAIT IN AMBUSH FOR THEIR PREY! STEALTHILY ONE OF THEM REACHES FOR THE DOOR... AND...



NAZIG!

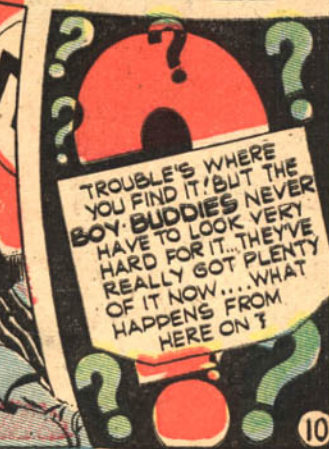
TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE BOY BUDDIES TUMBLE HEADLONG IN- TO THE ROOM.



MASQUERADERS, EH? VELL, YOU'VE COME TO DER WRONG PARTY!



NOW VE TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU VON'T LIVE TO REMEMBER!



TRUBLE'S WHERE YOU FIND IT! BUT THE BOY-BUDDIES NEVER HAVE TO LOOK VERY HARD FOR IT...THEYVE REALLY GOT PLENTY OF IT NOW... WHAT HAPPENS FROM HERE ON ?

THE BULLYIES!

CHAPTER 2



...SO THE NAZIS HAD ROY AND DUSTY, YOU SEE! IT LOOKED PRETTY BAD FOR THE KIDS....

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK - FINGERS! MONEY MAKER! POLICE IT AS IT JOINKS ALONG IN THE POCKET OF THE CHIEF-NAZI. IT'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY IMPORTANT!



VAIT! DIS IS FAR ENOUGH!

DIS IS THE END OF DER LINE FOR YOU NOSEY BRATS!

STEP OUT OF DER WAY, FELDTMAN... NOBODY CAN HEAR DER SHOT FROM DIS ROOM... HEY!

CHIEF! LOOK!

WELL, WELL! NICE TO SEE YOU BOYS AGAIN!

DER MAN IN DER FRUIT-PEDDLER'S APARTMENT!



DON'T GET EXCITED, NEIGHBOR! I'M NOT HERE TO QUEER YOUR LITTLE BUMP-OFF GAME!



YOU GOT ME WRONG. I WENT UP TO TONY'S TO RUB THE RAT OUT MYSELF, BUT YOU JUMPED ME BEFORE I COULD EXPLAIN WHY, I'M ON YOUR SIDE, PAL!



DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT. LOOK IN MY LITTLE BOOK YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF THAT I'VE BEEN GATHERING SECRET AMERICAN INFORMATION!

HMM!



WHY, WHAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE THINGS IN THIS BOOK WOULDN'T FIT IN A JOCKEY'S EAR! LOOK IT OVER, BOYS

YES, LET ME LOOK IT OVER!



VOT ISS DIS ITEM ABOUT MAN-POWER?

I GOT THE LOW-DOWN ON JUST HOW MUCH MAN-POWER THE ARMY ACTUALLY HAS!

THE BOYS HAD BETTER GET HERE SOON... I'M RUNNING OUT OF WORDS!



HAM!

AND THEN THE SMILE LEAVES THE NAZI'S FACE AND HE SUD-DENLY LASHES OUT VICIOUSLY



THE DOS HAS BEEN PLAYING WITH US - THESE ITEMS ARE NAMES OF RACE HORSES!

SCHWEIN! I TEACH HIM!



DON'T BOTHER, NAZI... FINGERS IS A PRETTY EDUCATED GUY!

SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...

HERE WE COME, FINGERS!



AND FINGER'S
PALS GO TO TOWN...

KEEP MOVING,
BUD! MY CHARGE
IS FIFTEEN CENTS
THE FIRST QUARTER
MILE!

BATTER
UP!

PYT. JOE
LOUIS TAUGHT
ME THIS
ONE-TWO!

THIS IS THE
AMERICAN WAY,
RATZI... HOW DO
YOU LIKE IT?





HEY, PETE!
LOOK! A
TEN-STRIKE!

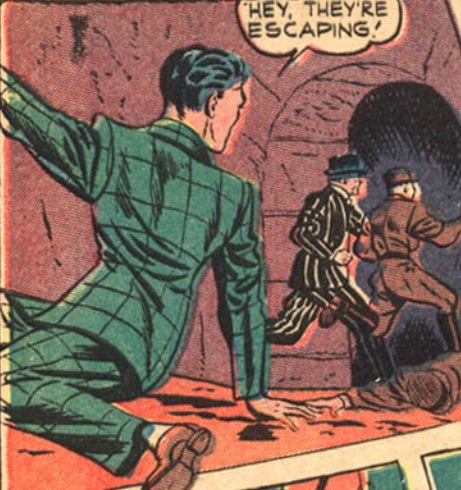
LOOK YOURSELF!
I'M BUSY FRAMING
A PICTURE!

SAY
"UNCLE SAM!"

WHAM!

KROK!

MEANWHILE, FINGERS, RECOVERING FROM THE BLOW SEES...



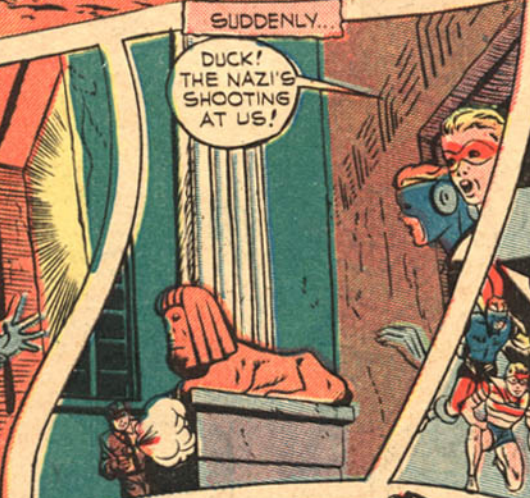
HEY, THEY'RE ESCAPING!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, FINGERS! THEY WON'T GET FAR!



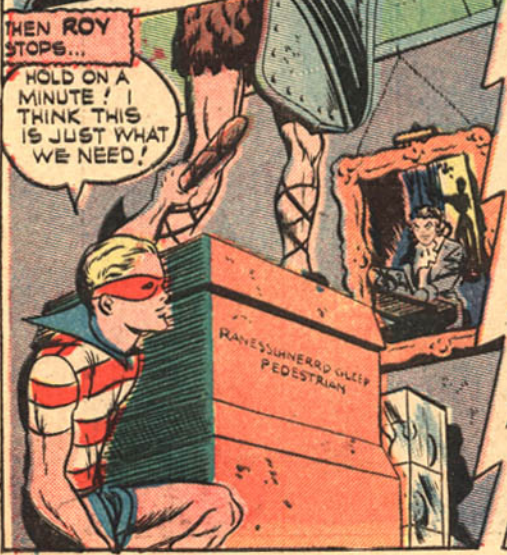
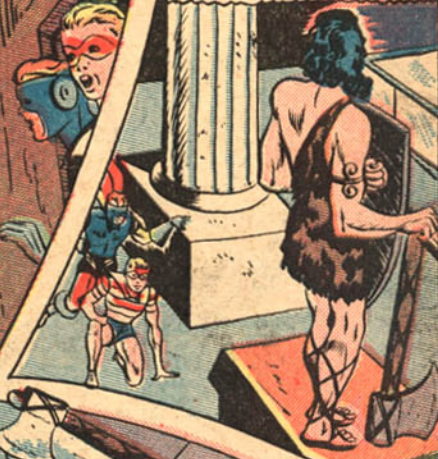
WAIT FOR ME! ONE OF THOSE MUGS HAS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK!



SUDDENLY...

DUCK! THE NAZI'S SHOOTING AT US!

CAREFULLY, THE BOY BUDDIES and FINGERS EDGE FORWARD - ALWAYS UNDER COVER... MOVING NEARER AND NEARER...



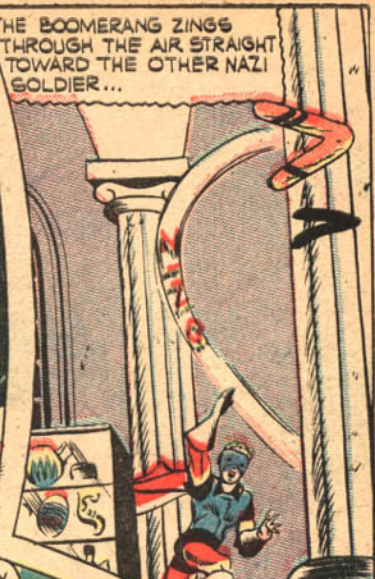
THEN ROY STOPS...

HOLD ON A MINUTE! I THINK THIS IS JUST WHAT WE NEED!

RAYESSHNERD GLEEP PEDESTRIAN



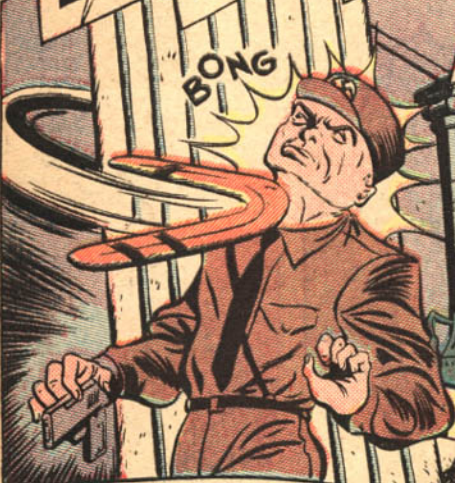
CROSS YOUR FINGERS, FELLOWS... HERE GOES!



DUSTY PICKS UP A BOOMERANG...

NICE WORK, ROY! NOW LET ME TAKE A CRACK AT IT!

THE BOOMERANG ZINGS THROUGH THE AIR STRAIGHT TOWARD THE OTHER NAZI SOLDIER...



TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO. PRETTY GOOD, KIDS... BUT YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!



INTO THE TEETH OF A HAIL OF DEATH RUSHES THE FURIOUS FINGERS, INTENT ONLY ON ONE THING... HIS LITTLE BLACK BOOK...



BOY...ARE YOU A BUM SHOT! NOW IT'S MY TURN AT BAT!

OOOOOFF

BANG

BAFFSOCK

WON



OKAY, KIDS! TRACK CLOSED FOR THE DAY. THIS IS THE FINALE!

HEY, FINGERS! HERE'S YOUR LITTLE BLACK BOOK! WELL, SAY SOMETHING! AREN'T YOU HAPPY TO GET IT BACK?

UH..YEAH.. KID, SURE, GIMME!

OR MAYBE THE BOOK WASN'T YOUR ONLY REASON FOR COMIN' HERE - HUH, FINGERS?

(COUGH) WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO - ACCUSE ME OF BEING PATRIOTIC? YOU KNOW, -UH- I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT BUNK!



AND BACK AT THE RECREATION ROOM.

WELL, BELIEVE IT OR NOT - THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, EXCEPT.

AW, I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT!

...EXCEPT THAT YOU COULDN'T EVEN KID YOURSELF ABOUT NOT BELIEVING IN AMERICANISM - AND YOU WENT AND JOINED THE ARMY... RIGHT, FINGERS?

HIYA KIDS! SURE NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN AND SEE ME!

WE RUSHED DOWN AS SOON AS WE HEARD YOU ENLISTED

WELL, I'LL BE...

TERROR ON WHEELS

A BOY BUDDIES STORY

ON A hot July day, Roy and Dusty sauntered down the white pavements, jingling the few coins in their pockets.

"Wonder who's playing the Yanks this afternoon?" asked Dusty speculatively. A sudden thought struck him. "How much have you got, Roy?"

"Not even enough for two sodas . . . nuts!"

The police station hove into view, and suddenly as with one thought the pair stopped. A hasty whispered conference followed and the pair parted.

"So long, Dusty," said Roy. "If any law-breakers get on the loose, let me know."

"Okay, pal," was the answer. "Think I'll drop in to headquarters and see if any new cases have come in."

The front door of the police station was open, and as Dusty entered, he saw the Chief mopping his forehead.

"Hyah, Dusty. Sure is a sweltering day."

A few of the officers off duty greeted Dusty, and continued their checker game.

"Anything new?" inquired the young firebrand.

Before the Chief could answer, the telephone at his elbow rang.

"Yeah? Yeah? Sure, he's here. It's for you, Dusty."

Dusty crossed to the phone,

anticipation gleaming in his eyes.

"Hello . . . yes, this is Dusty. WHAT? You mean it? They are? Holy Smoke! You bet—right away!" Quickly, Dusty hung up the telephone and swung into action.

"Get a squad car, Chief. It's important!"

Glad of the sudden break of monotonous routine, the Chief sprang to his feet, echoing Dusty's request. "Okay, boys, get busy. What's up, Dusty?"

"No time for gab, Chief! I'll tell you where to take the car. Let's go!"

Dusty whipped out of the door, the police at his heels. The group dove into a squad car, and the Chief pressed his foot against the starter. As the car made a quick U-turn, Dusty spied Roy, the Super-boy, coming out of the drug store. "Hop in, Roy," he shouted. "We're on the trail of something big!" Eagerly, Roy crammed himself into the front seat, and with a roar the car started up Main Street.

"Which way?" inquired the Chief.

"Right up Main until we hit the blinker light—then turn left!"

The two policemen in the back took out their revolvers and made sure they were loaded. This was going to be good!

Dusty reached down and press-

ed the siren button.

"We'll make better time if we can get those cars ahead to move over!" The siren screamed, and as the squad car speeded for the intersection, a traffic officer motioned for them to cut across.

The Chief stepped on the accelerator, and the speedometer registered fifty, then fifty-five, sixty, and finally seventy.

"Boy, I've been waiting for a case which needed action," muttered the Chief as the car raced along. "What's the next turn, Dusty?"

"The next right and into the main entrance of the Stadium!" was the answer. The crowd at the gate scattered as the police car slipped into the entrance.

"Right up the field now, and we're there!" shouted Dusty.

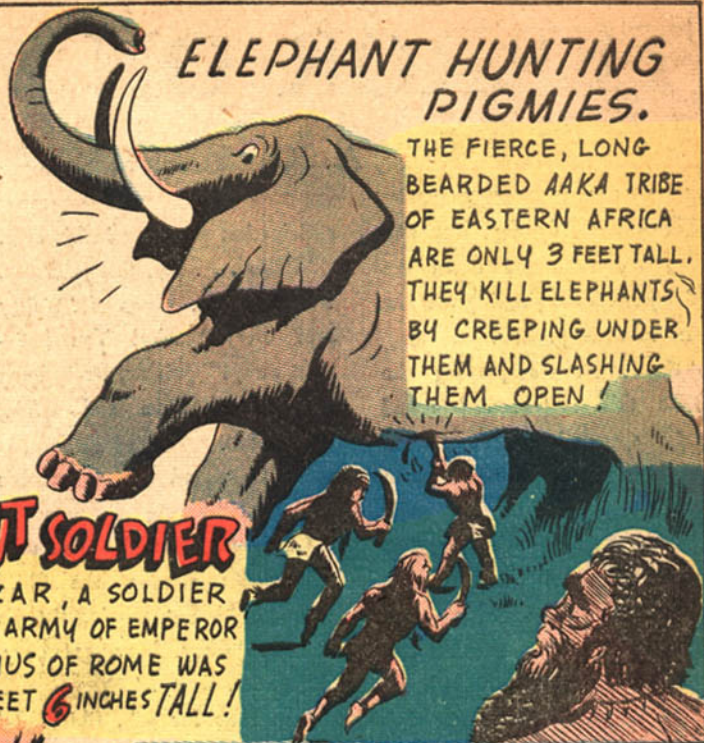
At the home plate, the car came to a grinding halt. Roy and Dusty hopped out quickly. They turned to the uniformed men.

"Thanks, Chief, we just made it! Boy, we're sure going to enjoy this game—much better watching it from the stands than peeping through a knot-hole!"

"What the—!!!" The Chief opened his mouth in astonishment and slowly closed it. A smile spread across his face; he looked at the patrolmen behind him and grinned foolishly.

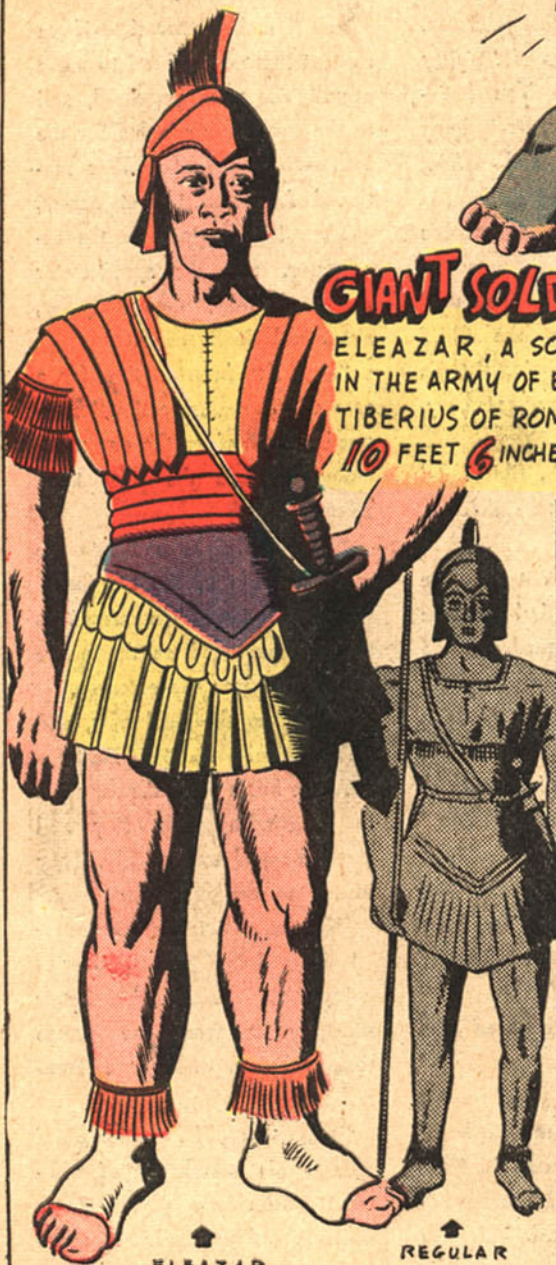
ELEPHANT HUNTING PIGMIES.

THE FIERCE, LONG BEARDED AAKA TRIBE OF EASTERN AFRICA ARE ONLY 3 FEET TALL. THEY KILL ELEPHANTS BY CREEPING UNDER THEM AND SLASHING THEM OPEN!



GIANT SOLDIER

ELEAZAR, A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY OF EMPEROR TIBERIUS OF ROME WAS 10 FEET 6 INCHES TALL!



ELEAZAR

REGULAR SOLDIER

-GOSS

FEAST OF THE DWARFS



PETER THE GREAT OF RUSSIA GAVE A BANQUET FOR ALL DWARFS WITHIN 200 MILES OF ST. PETERSBURG GLASSES-PLATES-LOAVES OF BREAD -EVERYTHING WAS MADE TO SCALE!



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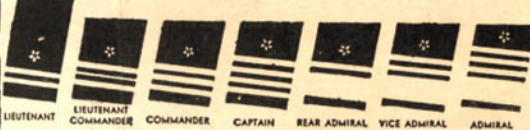
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